McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

VOL. XLVIII SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1911. NO: 30

AGED WOMAN LOST IN WOODS NEAR TOWN

Mrs. L. W. Dunn Passes Tuesday Night South of Town

WAS FOUND WEDNESDAY MORNING

Had Been Absent From Home Twenty-Four Hours When Found by Squad of Large Searching Party—She Lost Her Bearings While Berrying—Was Wet and Tired Out But Otherwise Well When Found.

Mrs. L. W. Dunn, a lady aged 62 years, who resides with her husband on Mechanic street in this borough, got lost in the woods south of town on Tuesday afternoon and spent the night in the woods. She spent the night on the hill without shelter and despite the cool night and the drenching rain she was not much the worse off for her experience when found about 10 o'clock Wednesday morning by members of a large hunting party which was formed yesterday morning.

Mrs. Dunn started from home about 10 o'clock Tuesday morning to pick berries on Brennan's hill and when she did not return early that evening little concern was felt by her husband because on previous occasions she had been late getting home, having stopped in the home of a friend and staying until a late hour. But when she had not made her appearance this morning an alarm was given.

As soon as the facts became known the fire whistle was blown and a systematic search started. Communication was had with all the houses that had telephones on Marvin and Potato creeks that it would have been possible for her to have come out at and W. H. Gallup and C. C. Cheate in their automobiles made inquiries at all the houses [illegible] territory into which she had gone.

Thirty-five or forty men and boys gathered at the hose house in response to the alarm and volunteered their services to search for the missing woman. They formed squads and started on what might have been a long hunt, but fortunately terminated very soon.

A squad composed of John Hallstrom and son, Paul, and Archie and Orlo Ness were the party to find her. Paul Hallstrom and one of the Ness boys had seen Mrs. Dunn the previous afternoon, about two miles south of this borough and she had inquired the way home of them. After directing her they had gone on their way and thought no more about it until yesterday morning when they learned that she was lost. Then, with the other two, they started back to where they saw her the day before. As they drew near the spot they found a lady's belt and in a short time they came upon Mrs. Dunn, only a short distance from where they had met her about five o'clock the previous afternoon.

She said she had followed the directions given by them to get out of the woods but after traveling some distance she found herself back in the same place she had started from and then gave up trying to get out. She found a rock and stump that partially sheltered her from the heavy rain during the night and had not suffered much from exposure during the cool wet night. She had called for help during the night but soon gave up attracting the attention of anyone. She did not suffer from fear, as would be expected, and although quite tired was so far from exhausted that she had no difficulty in walking out to the road, a distance of fully two miles, where she was met by an automobile and carried to her home.

As soon as she was found two of the boys ran as fast as they could to town and reported the same. The fire whistle was sounded, to call the hunting party in, but many were beyond hearing of it and they came in by ones and twoes all day.

Most women would have been so frightened by the prospect of staying all night alone in the woods that they would have exhausted themselves in trying to get out and the rain and cold during the night would have left them in a state of collapse in the morning, but Mrs. Dunn acted wisely in saving her strength when she knew she was lost.

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NEW GAME LAWS.

Several Changes in Laws of Interest to Hunters.

The following brief summary of the game laws should be carefully perused by all people who intend hunting this fall.

Bear. Unlimited. October 1 to January 1. Use of steel traps forbidden.

Black birds, all kinds, and Doves. Unlimited. September 1 to January 1.

Deer, male, with horns visible above the hair. One each season. November 15 to December 1.

English, Mongolian, Chinese and Ringneck Pheasant. Ten in one day, 20 in one week, and 50 in one season. November 1 to December 15.

Hare, or Rabbit. Ten in one day. November 1 to December 15.

Hungarian Quail. Five in one day. 20 in one week and 30 in one season. October 15 to November 15.

Plover. Unlimited. July 15 to December 1.

Quail, commonly called Virginia Partridge. Ten in one day, 40 in one week and 75 in one season. November 1 to December 15.

Raccoon. Unlimited. September 1 to January 1.

Ruffed Grouse, commonly called Pheasant. Five in one day, 20 in one week and fifty in one season. November 1 to December 15.

Shore Birds. Unlimited. September 1 to January 1.

Snipe, Jack or Wilson. Unlimited. September 1 to May 1.

Squirrel, Fox, Black or Gray. Six of the combined kinds in one day. November 1 to December 15.

Webfoot, Wild Water Fowl of all kinds. Unlimited. September 1 to April 10. Not to be shot at before sunrise. Not more than twenty decoys.

Wild Turkeys. One in one day, two in one season. November 1 to December 15.

Woodcock. Ten in one day, 20 in one week and 50 in one season. October 1 to December 1.

Remember that game killed in this commonwealth may be had in possession [illegible] and for thirty days thereafter.

No deer, ruffed grouse, commonly called pheasant, or quail, commonly called Virginia partridge, killed within this commonwealth, can be bought or sold at any time. No ruffed grouse, commonly called pheasant, killed outside this commonwealth can be bought or sold within the commonwealth, except during the open season for like birds in the commonwealth, and for thirty days thereafter. No wild turkey or woodcock killed either within or without the commonwealth can be bought or sold at any time. All other game may be bought and sold in season.

No game of any kind can be legally carried, or in any manner removed out of the State, except by those who have secured a non-resident license.

The startling, the English sparrow, the kingfisher, the crow, the raven, the eagle, the buzzard, the crane, the heron, the bittern, the Cooper's hawk, the sharp-shinned hawk, the duck hawk, the pigeon hawk, the great horned owl, the barred owl, the red or pine squirrel, the opossum, the woodchuck or ground hog, the fox, the wild cat, the weasel, the mink and the skunk are not protected, and may be killed at any time.

In the matter of what constitutes "horn" on a deer the Supreme Court of Vermont has ruled that where the material from which the horn or antler of a deer is afterward formed has not yet pierced the skin, so that it is visible, without first cutting or mutilating the skin, it is not a horn or antler within the meaning of the act; and that is a question of law to be ruled upon by the court and is not a question of fact for the consideration of the jury.

It has often been remarked that the Lock Haven State Normal School has the most attractive location of any Normal School in the State. It has a fine climate, splendid drainage, and absolutely pure water. Epidemics are practically unknown. Its students come from every section of Pennsylvania and the spirit of the school is progressive and elevating. The fall term begins September 11th. Write for its illustrated catalog. 1t

For Sale.

House and lot, cow, three buggies, surrey, surrey bobs, double driving harness, double work harness, collie dog, white rabbits, four gas stoves.

BURDETTE S. BAYLE,

Jul.15-tf Smethport, Pa.

NEW FIRE ALARM SYSTEM.

Fire Department and Council Fire Alarm Committee Inspect and Will Recommend New Fire Alarm.

Saturday afternoon Walter Daly, H. H. Sasse and J. W. Waite, the fire alarm committee of the council, and Chief E. A. Hamilton, S. W. Hubbard and Michael Smith, the fire alarm committee of the fire department, went to Bradford for the purpose of inspecting different fire alarms, and finding one suitable for installing in this borough.

These gentlemen visited the [illegible]kinger Manufacturing Co.'s plant in South Bradford and there found a fire alarm system which they will recommend to be purchased and installed at once. The alarm consists of a gas engine and air compresser combined, which will furnish the compressed air which will be used to blow the whistle, and two tanks, one with an air pressure of 250 pounds, and an expanding tank, from which the whistle will be blown, with a pressure of 40 pounds. The system also includes a new whistle and all connections necessary to install the same. The price asked for the complete system is but $500, which is cheap for a good alarm.

If this alarm is purchased—which is almost an assured fact—it is probable that it will be installed inside of a month, and the engine and compressor and the tanks will probably be placed in the rear of the hose house. The old gas whistle will be left in its present location and used for calling meetings, etc., so the new alarm will be used only in case of fire.

NAILS IN THE ROAD.

Automobile Gets Nine Punctures Near Town Monday Evening.

Last Monday some person, either by accident or with malicious intent, placed a number of broad headed roofing nails in the road near the Andrew Campbell farm about a mile down the Potato creek road from this borough, and during the evening a tourist automobile picked up nine of these nails in its tires, nearly ruining the same, and other automobilists got punctures from the same cause.

This is not the first time that nails of this sort have been found on our roads and no effort should be spared to trace out the perpetrators of these acts. Nails left in a public road in such a manner that they will puncture automobile tires or lame horses or other animals if done intentionally is most despicable and the guilty party is liable to fine and imprisonment, and if done through carelessness shows gross negligence and the guilty party in such case is liable for damages.

Detective Jones, who heard of the case is making a thorough investigation of the matter and if the nails were placed there intentionally he will probably bring the guilty parties to justice.

POMONA GRANGE.

The following program will be carried out at the meeting of the McKean County Pomona Grange to be held in Rixford, August 2nd:

11:00 a. m.—Business Meeting.
12:00—Dinner.
1:30 p. m.—Business Meeting.
2:00—Open Meeting.
Song—Grange Melodies, No. 108.
Address of Welcome, E. M. Park.
Response, Mrs. C. J. Carey.
Discussion, What Public Question Should Demand the Special Attention of Our Pomona Grange?; opened by H. T. Breese.
Recitation, Mrs. A. G. Abbey.
Discussion, Little Wastes About the Farm; opened by James Bray.
Solo, Mrs. Ella Holmes.
Discussion, The McKean County Fair; opened by Frank Harmon.
Orchard Management, P. H. Burke of Harrisburg.
3:30—Woman's Hour.
Discussion, What Should be the Wife's Share of the Income of the Farm; opened by Mrs. Edith Mosier.
Solo, Member of Rixford Grange.
Paper, Mrs. Mary D. Howden.
Question Box.
Solo, Mrs. J. C. Goding.
Recitation, Mrs. O. W. Abbey.
7:00—Open in Fifth Degree.
Business session.
Conferring the Degree of Pomona.
8:30—Open Meeting.
Literary program, Rixford Grange.

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ST. MARYS' INK THROWER CAUGHT.

Paul Glatz, When Arrested, Confesses To Having Destroyed Much Clothing.

On Tuesday evening last week Paul Glatz was arrested by Chief of Police O'Donnell at the Pennsylvania Railroad depot in St. Marys on a charge of throwing ink upon and otherwise destroying many dresses and coats for women as they passed along the streets and in public places.

The arrest was brought about by Miss Emma McGowan, who had a dress destroyed with ink at the time and thought she recognized the man who did the work. She informed Chief O'Donnell who placed him under arrest. At first he denied any knowledge of the ink throwing but when taken to the city building he made a complete confession and admitted doing nearly all the dastardly work that has been done in that place for the past two years, the peculiar nature of which has attracted Statewide attention.

Paul Glatz is an Austrian by birth and is about 35 years of age. He has been in this country about 12 years, 11 of which has been spent in St. Marys, and he is married and has six children, the eldest of whom is 14 years old. When asked why he destroyed the dresses of ladies he did not know he said he had no other reason than just meanness.

Glatz made a practice of carrying a bottle of ink and a fountain pen filler with which he squirted the ink. When arrested he had both these articles and an old rag, which he claimed he used to wipe his hands on.

Shortly after being placed in his cell he made an attempt to commit suicide. He took his shirt off and tied it to the top of his cell and with the aid of his shoe strings made a loop and tried to take his life. He might have been successful had the shirt not torn. After this was discovered a watch was maintained during the remainder of the night to prevent any further attempt. When asked why he wanted to take his life, he said he thought of his wife and children had wanted to die.

He was given a hearing and pleaded guilty to the charge of throwing ink. He was bound over for court without bail and was taken to Ridgway and placed in the county jail.

B. & O. BUYS B. L. & K.

S. S. Bullis Has Disposed of His Interest and Will Deliver His Holdings by the First of Month.

On Wednesday of the present week S. S. Bullis disposed of the Big Level & Kinzua Railroad to the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company, and on August 1st, will deliver his mile-long system over to the big company.

Since the dismantling of the narrow gauge system between Mt. Jewett and Bradford, Mr. Bullis has continued to operate this remaining section in connection with the section of the B. & O. between Mt. Jewett and Kane, and has been quite successful from a financial standpoint, while performing a great service for the people of this locality, and the traveling public generally.

While the determination of the B. & O. to standard-gauge their narrow-gauge system between Mt. Jewett and Foxburg it has been plain that it would be impossible for that company to effect required connections with the Erie, and Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg at this place, except the company purchase the B. L. & K. as the manner in which the little line was laid in the beginning completely dominated the situation, and shut out all possible entrance from the west except at an enormous outlay of money.

Work on the standard-gauging of the line between Kane and Foxburg was expected at the beginning of operations and while it was then thought the rails would be changed by the first week in July, its now realized that it will require until the 1st of October to complete the road and put standard cars into Mt. Jewett.

There is no definite information at hand, but it is likely the B. & O. will operate the road between here and Kane as in the past, until the rails for the big cars are laid.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Automobile for Hire.

Large seven-passenger touring car. Rates reasonable by trip, hour or day. Inquire at Backus Novelty Co. Garage.

Jul.20-3t-pd WALTER BRENNEMAN.

OVER FALLS IN BARREL.

Bobby Leach Is Successful In Undertaking.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., July 25.—"Bobby" Leach made a trip over the Horseshoe Falls in a steel cask this afternoon and lives to tell the tale of an experience more thrilling than any of his previous feats, which include several trips through the Whirlpool rapids, a number of balloon ascensions, a ride over the Seneca Falls in a barrel and a leap off the upper steel arch bridge over the Niagara river with a parachute.

Leach, who conducts a souvenir stand here, had been forbidden by the police to start either from this city or the Canadian city and was forced to drop into the water at La Salle, four miles up the river on the American side. Shortly after 1 o'clock he put out in a motor boat with the barrel tied to the stern. The condition of water and weather was adverse to the trip but he was determined to risk it. When the launch reached a point a little to the west of Hog Island, three miles above the brink, Leach crawled into the cask and the rope was cut.

The barrel floated slowly down the river about 200 feet from the Canadian shore and at 3:10 o'clock passed the plant of the Electrical Development company, a mile above the brink, bounding perilously over rocks and waves. Two and a half minutes later it passed the great splash to the basin below. It appeared on the surface of the water in the basin in less than a minute with both ends missing. It drifted about in the basin for 20 minutes before Frank Bender swam out with a rope from the Canadian side, made it fast to the barrel and towed it ashore.

The bulkhead was ripped off and Leach removed. He was bleeding from a deep gash on the side of his face and an examination showed that his right leg was sprained. He was removed to his home, where he will be confined by his injuries for several weeks.

"No more," were Leach's first words to a reporter who called to see him to-night. "The drop over the falls was not so bad, but that through the upper rapids was frightful. It seemed as though the barrel turned over a million times. The nearer I approached to the falls the more the barrel turned. Once, when I struck a rock, I thought it was all over. A big dent was stove in the barrel and a couple of quarts of water came in. I prepared to die. But the water merely washed through the air holes. It was striking the rock that hurt my leg.

"The big drop over the falls was nothing in comparison to the rest of the trip. I felt no sensation, certainly no pain, going down, and there was very little bump at the bottom. All I have to say is that nobody's got anything on me, so far as going over Niagara Falls is concerned. But—never again."

OF INTEREST TO CANDIDATES.

The Following Calendar Will be of Interest to Those Who Are After Votes.

July 29—Last day for County Chairman to file his certificate with commissioners of offices to be filled in county and cities. Also last day to be placed on 60-day list for fall primary.

August 5—County commissioners begin publication of notices in newspapers of offices to be filled. No county committeeman or other party officers to be elected this year.

August 30—Last day to pay taxes for the fall primary.

September 9—Last day to file petitions with the commissioners to have a name on ballots as a candidate for any office. The names of two hundred qualified electors are required on the petition of the candidate for president judge. Other candidates to be voted for by the entire county are required to have fifty names. After this date polling places cannot be changed before the primary election.

September 23—Ballots to be used at the fall primary will be on file at the commissioners' office and sample copies will be open for public inspection.

September 30—Fall primary election day. Polls open from 2 p. m. until 8 p. m.

October 3—Last day to file primary election returns. Time expires at noon.

October 4—Commissioners begin making official count at noon.

October 14—Last day to file expense account if in excess of $50, in office of Clerk of Courts. All candidates, successful or unsuccessful, must file expense accounts.

STELLA HODGE TALKS AGAIN.

She Now States That She Did Not Kill Emile Amann.

Tuesday afternoon there leaked out a confirmation of the rumor which has been current for so many days that Stella Hodge had confessed to the Commonwealth that she did not kill Emile Amann as per her confession made several weeks ago and which landed her in the county jail charged with the murder of which John M. Andrews had been convicted.

It is said that on July 3rd, Miss Hodge sent for Rev. A. C. Drummond, of the First Baptist church and made known to this divine that she wished to tell the whole truth. This, it is said, Rev. Mr. Drummond advised her to do. The district attorney was notified and he supplied the woman with paper, pen and ink. She then, it is learned, of her own free will, jotted down Confession No. 1 in the jail and followed it up on July 5th with a confession taken down by a stenographer provided by the district attorney and which it is claimed consists of about 10 typewritten pages.

The confession written by the Hodge woman and witnessed, it is said, by the Rev. Mr. Drummond and Deputy Sheriff Russell, resigned, sets forth, it is learned that on the Monday during the Andrews' trial, Attorney Arird visited her home at 213 Pennsylvania avenue east. She was not at home. The next evening it is set forth that Attorney Arird called again, his time with Detective Till, of Philadelphia. At the woman's request adjournment was taken to the office of the attorney the following evening, and on this occasion and the following night the woman was questioned at considerable length.

Detective Till asked Miss Hodge to take an auto ride and the two, it is set forth, rode to Glade, thence to Kane and from that point to Ridgway, from where a train was taken to Philadelphia. Visiting the office of Chief Detective Silcox, there this party was found out and the journey to Atlantic City was continued. At the Ellwood hotel, where Detective Silcox his apartments, the couple secured rooms. In Atlantic City the confession was taken.

Miss Hodge sets forth that she was convinced that, if she made a statement that she killed Emile Amann, she would not be in jail over 48 hours. She must say that she killed Amann accidentally and she declares that Silcox requested that she make this declaration. She says that she was told nothing would be done to her if she so declared, and Andrews would go free and that she would therefore be saving an innocent man who could not get a fair trial in this county where everybody was against him.

They promised, sets forth the confession that she would be quickly gotten out of jail, sent away to another city and her wants provided for. She says she expected a large sum of money for saying what she did. She said she afterwards concluded that nothing was cared for her, it was not cared whether she was liberated or not as long as Andrews was freed.

It is learned that the same parties that witnessed the signing of the first confession in the county jail, witnessed the signing of the second one in the county bastile.—Warren Mail.

The hearing of reasons for a new trial of J. M. Andrews, who has been convicted of murder in the first degree for the killing of Emile Amann, will be held on Monday, July, 31st.

BLACK-HANDERS ARRESTED.

Detective Jones Makes Important Capture of Two at Kane.

Just as we were going to press at noon to-day The Miner received a message from Kane stating that Detective Jones had made an important capture of two alleged Black-handers in the arrest of Rocky Carbone of Kane and Arch Angel Carbone of James City, brothers, who are said to have tried to get money out of two of their countrymen recently by Black Hand methods.

On June 25, Mike Frank received notice that he must give up $200 to that organization or be killed and on July 23 the same parties threatened to blow up Joe Strannan's house unless $200 was placed at their diposal.

Detective Jones has been doing some work on this case this week and yesterday he placed the two under arrest, having it is said a good case. They were given a hearing before Justice Gillis this morning and were each held for court in the sum of $1300, in default of which they were remanded to jail. Detective Jones will bring them to Smethport this evening.

CONCERNING MOLLIE

She Proves Herself Equal to the Occasion

By AGNES G. BROGAN

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There was a dignified aloofness about Professor Craythorne's manner which forbade familiarity. This may have been accountable for the fact that he still remained a bachelor as the years of his thirties drew to an end. Maidens who admired his fine face and many sterling qualities retired disheartened from the field of conquest at his unapproachable demeanor, while the professor in turn regarded them, one and all, with pitying tolerance. They were pretty and amusing, no doubt, but impossible as interesting companions, while deep in his heart was a hope unconfessed that eventually he would meet one woman whose mind could follow his own down the intricate paths of learning, for he was convinced that the happiness of two people must always depend upon their sympathetic understanding. And when the professor had reached this conclusion he met Mollie. It was at an evening party given by the rector's wife, and the hostess, remembering her learned guest, introduced a historical conundrum game by way of entertainment. The professor, looking up with a thoughtful frown, met the mischievous gaze of Mollie's blue eyes.

"Got the last one?" she asked socially.

"I beg your pardon?" His tone was coldly questioning.

"I would like to copy your answer to the last question," Mollie confided. "You see, I don't know what became of those dead and gone kings, and I'm sure I do not care, but one really ought to have one correct answer among the fifteen, and you"—a flattering pause—"you know everything."

"I may be better able to solve the problem," the professor answered condescendingly, "when I shall have given it sufficient thought."

"That's right," Mollie encouraged; "don't be a quitter."

Professor Craythorne stared in astonishment at this disrespectful young person; but, quite unconscious of her offense, Mollie smiled. Moreover, Mollie has a most encouraging smile, and that was the beginning. Thereafter it was the professor who appeared strangely diffident in her presence and who humbly sued for favor, while Mollie avenged her sex by ruling him with a high hand. And the habitual frown which grew upon his forehead could not wholly be attributed to study. In fact, science and philosophy alike were as the "rule of three" compared to the ways of Mollie.

Had he been fortunate enough to act as her escort upon one occasion he would be sure to see her in company with Dick Brandon the following day, while gentle kindliness upon Mollie's part was usually followed by cold indifference.

After all, the professor reflected bitterly, what chance had he to win with such a formidable rival as Dick Brandon—Dick, who was practiced in all the pleasing arts of which he was so woefully ignorant?

And when he had argued himself into the very depths of discouragement Professor Craythorne went over and proposed to Mollie. She received his avowal quietly.

"Will you mind if I do not answer you tonight?" she asked.

"Do not keep me waiting too long," he replied, and his laugh sounded boyish in its eagerness.

Mollie studied the toe of her small boot. "I will send you a message tomorrow," she said. "You will understand."

Oh, that was a long tomorrow, and when the last class had been dismissed the professor retired to his gloomy room in the university and sank wearily into a chair, his unseeing eyes gazing out over the green campus.

"A note for you, sir." A servant spoke from the doorway. He turned the tiny envelope over and over in his palm, while his heart hammered away painfully, and his strong fingers trembled as he drew forth the square white card. He was vaguely conscious of Mollie's printed name and address showing above a bold scribbled sentence, "My sympathy in your disappointment." It was some time before he could realize the cruel message. Then he remembered—she had said that he would understand.

"Any one in?" called a cheery voice, and without waiting for an invitation a young man came into the room. John Craythorne looked up impatiently.

"Good evening, Brandon," he said.

"Sorry to interrupt your meditations, professor," the young man began, "but the truth is I need help."

"If you have been indulging in any of your usual pranks it will be useless for me to intercede for you again."

Young Brandon laughed. "This is—er—quite a different matter," he said. "Fact is, I want to get married. You may have noticed the approaching symptoms—most people have."

John Craythorne smiled, but his voice faltered strangely.

"Under those circumstances," he replied, "would it not be wiser to consult the young lady?"

"Oh, that part is all right," Dick answered confidently; "we've been in love with each other ever since we were kids. It's the old man who will not give his consent. He objects to my youth, instability and a few other unworthy qualities, having in mind at the same time a more desirable 'part' for his daughter. Trouble is daughter is just obedient enough to yield to his wish, though there is no doubt as to her affection for me.

"Now, the point is this—if some person who has some influence with the old fellow, whose judgment he relies upon, could suggest to him that I am not at all a bad sort, why, he would probably come around to our side. At least, that is what Mollie said when she sent me to you."

"Mollie—sent you—to me!" The words came slowly. John Craythorne's face had grown very white.

"Yes," Dick answered. "She said you'd be sure to do it for her, you two are such good friends."

The professor laughed shortly.

"He will be at home tonight," Dick remarked insinuatingly as he turned toward the door.

When he was alone again the professor turned on the electric bulb above his mirror and pitilessly examined his own tired face. He noted with a grim smile the hard lines which seemed to have formed about his mouth. He was glad that Mollie was not to be seen when he sought her home, for the sight of her winsome face would be more than he could bear in his present mood.

Her father welcomed him with his usual cordiality. The professor stood with frowning brows and briefly stated his errand.

"I come at your daughter's request," he said, "hoping that when you realize her future happiness is at stake you will not withhold your consent to her marriage with Richard Brandon."

Then while he enlarged upon Dick's few virtues and condoled his many faults the older man listened attentively.

"This is a great disappointment to me," he said at length, "and you will pardon my bluntness. I had hoped that my daughter's choice might have fallen upon yourself."

John Craythorne sighed. "I also dared to hope," he said quietly.

"Before we discuss the subject further," her father continued, "I would like to send for Mollie."

"I prefer not to be present at that discussion," the professor answered stiffly. Then he turned suddenly to face Mollie herself. After the first startled glance he resolutely avoided her eyes.

"Professor Craythorne has been interceding with me in your behalf, Mollie," her father said. "He assures me that young Brandon will make you a good husband, though I confess I regret your choice. Nevertheless your will must always be mine, my daughter."

John Craythorne waited in breathless suspense for Mollie's answer.

"Professor Craythorne," asked a meek little voice, "will you kindly tell me just why you choose to play the part of John Alden?"

He confronted her indignantly. "Dick Brandon gave me to understand that such was your wish," he replied.

Mollie's eyes widened, and then she laughed—it was an aggravating little laugh. "I did not expect you would give Dick such a good character," she said wickedly, "when you know very well he flunked last year."

A prolonged whistle sounded down the hall at this moment, and Mollie puckered up her lips to answer. Instantly the object of the conference burst into the room.

"Hello, Mollie!" he called. "That blundering man just gave me your card, and I rushed over. What's the news?"

Mollie extended her hand. "Dickie," she said, "will you let me see that card? I left two of them at the university today, one for Professor Craythorne and one for you. I am beginning to suspect that I put them into the wrong envelopes. Yes," she said, smiling over at the professor, "this one was intended for you." Then she read aloud:

"I shall expect you at 8 this evening. Do not disappoint me.

"Yours was just a word of sympathy, Dickie," she said sweetly, "written when Bettie told me that her father had refused his consent to your marriage."

John Craythorne took one hasty step in her direction, then hesitated as Mollie's father spoke sharply. "Will you please tell me what this all means?" he asked.

Mollie's eyes were dancing.

"Bettie's father thinks very highly of Professor Craythorne's opinion, and that is why I suggested that he might persuade the obstinate old man to withdraw his objections to Dick as a suitor. However"—she laughed over her shoulder—"I think I have managed it for you, Dick. You had better go over and see."

"Mollie," John Craythorne cried eagerly, but she clung to her father for a moment, ignoring the call, while the old man's face beamed with satisfaction; then she pushed him gently from her.

"Daddy," she hinted broadly, "must you really go?"

And a long time after, while the professor and Mollie still lingered in the library, she raised her glowing face to look up at her lover reproachfully. "You do not deserve such happiness," she said. "You would have married me off to another man."

"Dear," John Craythorne answered tenderly, "how dared I hope that you cared for this solemn old student, while Dick possessed those admirable qualities—youth and good looks?"

The girl touched the little crease upon his forehead caressingly. "You have qualities which Dickie will never possess," she said; then her laugh rippled merrily. "Any one but a stupid professor would see that I do not need youth or good looks," said Mollie.

A SEA SECRET

Illustrating the Fact That Dead Men Tell No Tales

By D. Thorne Taylor

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Ever since the Spanish war was fought I have kept a secret events that occurred at its inception, though they have weighed heavily on my conscience. I have refrained from giving it, partly lest by doing so I might be forced to pay the penalty of crimes I was forced to commit and partly from a dislike to inflict needless pain on those who might better never know how loved ones supposed to have been lost at sea really perished. And now, realizing that there will come a day when those most intimately connected with these unfortunates shall themselves have passed away and the record be read only by another generation, I have decided to put it in writing to ease my conscience and that it may be perused by those whom it may concern.

At the end of the last century I was engineer on the Mary Blane, a small steamer used for bringing Japanese goods to America, returning loaded with American supplies to be sold in the island empire. On our way home from one of these trips we touched at Singapore.

On leaving Singapore we had got well away from land when I received an order to put on more speed. I did so and was jogging along at a pretty good rate when I got another order to run her for all she was worth. I told the stokers to heave in more coal, opened all the drafts and turned on all the steam she would bear. At that moment the first mate came down the iron steps white as a sheet and told me that we were pursued by a suspicious looking craft, and, though she flew the British flag, the captain was sure she was run by Asiatics. She was a sailer, junk built, and since a stiff breeze was blowing she was making about as good headway as we. We were moving against the wind, while the other was crossing it, thus getting all the benefit from it that was possible. She stood between us and the land so we couldn't run in. Her object was to reach a given point as soon as we.

What we should have done was to turn back as soon as we suspected the craft, but the captain, not really knowing she was a pirate, thought we could pass her and thus save delay. He reckoned wrong. The first thing I knew of what real danger we were in was hearing a boom. Then I got an order from above to shut off steam.

Looking out of my porthole, I saw the villainous looking thing sailing in a course to head us off, while a lot of copper colored rascals aboard of her were raising a skull and crossbones flag in place of the union jack of England, which had been hauled down. Moreover, some masked portholes had been opened and half a dozen small guns run out.

It was plain to me that all was up with us. Not a soul came down into the engine room to tell me anything, but since I could see for myself what was going on I knew they were all paralyzed with fear. I would not leave my post, first, because there was nothing to be gained by doing so, and, second, I might at any time receive an order.

The pirate passed to a point where I couldn't see her, but it was not long before I heard a tramping on deck that told me we were boarded, and down came a couple of swarthy Malays, who covered me, the one with a revolver, the other with a cutlass. The man who covered me with a cutlass spoke enough English to tell me that I was to stay where I was and run the engine. Two other men came down, and one of the first two went on deck. I knew by his bearing that he was the commander and the other was his interpreter.

Nothing can induce me to give an account of the incidents that occurred during the next half hour. Thank heaven I did not witness them. I will only say that the crew, excepting Jack Coyne and a Swede, Jacobson, who begged to be allowed to join the pirate gang, and I, were forced to walk the plank. There were also several passengers, whose names I will give in a separate paper, who shared the same fate.

While our vessel was not much of a craft, it was far better than that of our captors, having the advantage of steam power, and they decided to scuttle the sailer and use the steamer. This they did during the night, which was coming on, and in the morning the Mary Blane was sailing on, to all outward appearances, as if nothing had happened. The pirates gave other ships as wide a berth as possible and when unable to do so kept only the two men of our crew whose lives had been spared on deck.

And so it was that we three white men were forced to obey the orders of some twenty copper colored devils, thus enabling them to attract small boats, murder the occupants and appropriate anything of value found in them. No ship of any importance was attacked. When we were spoken to each Coyne or Jacobson was forced to run up signals stating that we were the Mary Blane of New York, homeward bound, and all was well aboard. The murders we saw committed and indirectly helped to commit haunt m [illegible] other white companions in misery and iniquity were often compelled to do these things directly. The stain on my own conscience is that had I refused to run the engine and been shot down for my disobedience of orders the pirates would have been obliged to run her ashore or abandon her for a captured sailer, for there was not an engineer among them.

One afternoon late in June, 1898, we were cruising off the island of Formosa. I was so worn with my condition that I showed signs of breaking down. Through the interpreter I asked permission to be permitted to go on deck for fresh air. My life being necessary to my masters, their captain consented that Jacobson should come down into the engine room, and since there was nothing of importance to do there I should go up, being ready for a call from below if my services were needed.

We were steaming along northward at about six knots when I saw on the horizon a faint line that looked like smoke. There were but few of the pirates on deck, most of them being below drinking liquor that had been captured the day before. Those on deck had been drinking, but were considered able to keep watch over the white members of the crew. But they were not sufficiently in control of their faculties to notice the line of smoke [illegible] the horizon or they would have called their captain's attention to it. Meanwhile there appeared under the smoke certain black dots. They were nearly equidistant, and over each I could soon distinguish a thin film leading to the cloud above. The dots grew larger, and it was evident that we and they were drawing nearer together.

Glancing aside, I saw Coyne, who was busy over some cordage, standing looking at what had arrested my attention. We dared not speak to each other, but he cast a meaning glance at me. Then I looked about at the Malays. One was sitting on the deck with his back against the gunwale, another was dozing in a hammock, while a third was walking about unsteadily.

I gave Coyne a meaning look, combined first of a glance at what was approaching, second of one at the Malays and third at a companionway. What all this was meant to convey was a suggestion that steamers were approaching, that we might overpower the three pirates, close the companionway and signal for assistance. Coyne, who was desperate, understood and showed by looks and pantomime that he was eager for the attempt.

Realizing that we would need Jacobson, I went down into the engine room, where he was without guard, and told him of our plan. I also agreed with him that he should come up as near as possible to the deck without being seen and be ready to shut and bolt the companionway doors while Coyne and I were overpowering two of the Malays. Just how we were to do this must depend upon circumstances. Coyne was a powerful fellow, I was reduced by illness, and Jacobson was small, but wiry.

By this time the coming ships were to be made out as a fleet of war vessels. Had we been up with the times we would have recognized them as the fleet of Admiral Dewey, which had left Hongkong to attack Manila. They were still a good distance from us; but, fearing some of the pirate crew would see them and steam out of their path, we dared not put off our attempt. Resuming my place on deck, by signs, chiefly looks, I conveyed to Coyne that he was to tackle the man sitting on the deck and try to throw him overboard, while I folded the one asleep in his hammock till Coyne could come and dispose of him. Jacobson was to dash out of hiding and close the doors.

Coyne and I both walked toward the two pirates. He suddenly picked up his man and without much of a struggle got him over the gunwale. I had barely bound my captive in his hammock when Coyne came, and, loosening the hammock at each end, we carried the man in it to the side of the ship and dropped him over. While we were doing this Jacobson, who had been on the watch, made a dash at the companionway doors, closed and fastened them. This left the three of us on deck with one enemy. Seeing that he was too late he ran forward, chased by Coyne and Jacobson, who caught him and served him as his two companions had been served.

Within a couple of minutes we had secured possession of the ship. Coyne was about to run for the signal flags when I stopped him.

"It has often occurred to me," I said, "that if we were taken we three would be hanged for piracy with the others. We have the ship safe enough. Suppose we let these vessels pass. We may save our necks by doing so."

Since I was the only skilled man of the three the others agreed to follow my suggestion. The pirates were confined within the forward part of the ship, having no access to the other parts, while we had free descent to the engine room.

I shrink from giving the last part of the story, which was inspired partly by vengeance and partly with the knowledge that dead men tell no tales. We let the fleet pass us without much interest in it, we being engrossed by our own affairs. Then we scraped together all the combustibles we could find and made them ready to be fired. A boat was lowered, and, applying a match to our kindling, we went down the side and into the boat. As we pulled for land we saw the flames shoot up from the Mary Blane and heard the shrieks of the men who had forced our companions to walk the plank.

Reaching the shore, we separated, each bound by an oath to say nothing about our experience.

Mortgagor And Mortgagee

The Interest Was Not Paid, Yet the Mortgage Was Not Foreclosed

By F. A. MITCHEL

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"The only way, Miss Sanderson—at least the best way out of the matter," said the attorney, gathering up papers strewn over a table, "is for you to marry the man of whom you have made these loans."

"Good gracious!"

"The sums you have borrowed from time to time are so large"—

"I don't know who has loaned me the money. It was all arranged through an agent."

"Pardon me. One step at a time. You can't hope to pay off the mortgages, and a very large sum of interest money comes due Sept. 1. Foreclosures are to be expected on the property pledged as security which is"—

"I know all that. Tell me about this method you propose."

"Marriage. Let us look the matter squarely in the face. You are not, of course, willing to lose the best buildings you possess."

"Whom am I to marry?"

"These loans have all been made by the same person, Edmond Eastburn, who inherited a large estate from his father. He is thirty-two years old, about five years your senior, I believe"—

"Seven."

"Very good; seven years your senior; intelligent, handsome and generally attractive."

"But I can't ask a man to marry me."

"I will arrange a meeting for you. It is my business as your attorney to save your property. Leave the preliminaries to me. Mrs. Eastburn, the gentleman's mother, is an old friend of mine. I think I can arrange for an invitation for you to visit her at her country residence."

"Without either she or her son knowing the object of my coming?"

"Neither shall have a suspicion."

"Very well. You have my consent."

A week from that day Miss Sanderson received a kind note from Mrs. Eastburn containing an invitation to visit her and to set the date herself. Miss Sanderson accepted and mentioned the 10th of July as the date of her arrival. Mrs. Eastburn told her son that she was expecting a visitor of whom she had heard many pleasant things and asked him if he would not like to meet her at the station and bring her to the house. Ordering his auto, he proceeded to the station.

"Are you looking for Miss Sanderson?" asked a young woman who left the train.

"I am."

"You're Mr. Eastburn, then?"

"Yes."

"I'm Miss Sanderson's maid. Just before the time to leave a matter of business came up which must be attended to. My mistress sent me on to say that she will be up tomorrow."

"Well, come with me."

The maid carried only a little hand bag, but something—Eastburn couldn't very well tell what—induced him to relieve her of it. There were but two seats in the auto, so that he and the maid sat side by side. He opened conversation.

"I have never seen your mistress."

"Haven't you, sir?"

"No. Is she young?"

"About my age, sir."

After a pause he asked if the lady was pretty.

"Oh, no, sir. Most people wouldn't call Miss Sanderson pretty."

That evening Mr. Eastburn dined with his mother, smoked, yawned and said that if Miss Sanderson or some one else didn't come the next day he must go back to the city. He couldn't positively stand the dull place any longer. At 9 o'clock he said he would go up to his room and read. Passing the sewing room, he saw Miss Sanderson's maid doing some mending.

"Do you think your mistress will surely arrive tomorrow?" he asked.

"I don't know, sir. She said she would."

He stood at the door irresolute. Even a chat with the maid would be a relief.

"I wish you'd tell me something about her. I'm intolerably bored here."

"I should think a young man would find it dull in the country unless he had some man companion or"—

"Some girl to flirt with."

"Oh, no, sir. He shouldn't do that."

"Do what?"

"Flirt with her."

"Why not?"

"She might become attached to him."

"No fear of that in my case."

"I don't agree with you, sir."

"Oh, you don't! That's very nice of you. I see you have a way of saying pleasant things. Is your mistress like you in that respect?"

"I wouldn't think of criticising my mistress."

"I didn't ask you to criticise her. I merely asked you to tell me something about her to pass the time. Just think of my going to my room at this hour! When I'm in the city I don't go to my club till after 11, and I seldom leave it before 1."

"If you were married you wouldn't care to do that, sir."

"Wouldn't I?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"You would then begin to live."

"Begin to live!"

"Yes, sir. No man or woman really begins to live before marriage—that is, if they don't marry at the proper time for marriage they don't fill the natural course of their lives. They don't develop."

Mr. Eastburn was silent and thoughtful for a moment, then said:

"I believe you're right. Many an evening I go to my lonely room in the city and to bed bored."

"But you have a home here?"

"Here! Why, mother bothers me all the while. She treats me as she did when I was a boy. It's my rubbers or my overcoat, or a fear that I'll get spilled out of my auto, or something like that, with no rest from morning till night."

The maid bent over her work thinking.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Eastburn.

The maid looked up inquiringly, and he explained by asking her what had set her to thinking.

"I was wondering," she replied, "if a wife should worry about you in that way would it bore you."

"I wonder," was the indefinite reply.

Mr. Eastburn heard his mother coming upstairs, and, not relishing being caught in conversation with a maid, he went on up to his room. The suggestion that marriage was, after all, the only real life for man or woman coming from one who could not possibly aspire to one of such different social position impressed him. Women had said that to him before, but he knew they either wished to marry him for his wealth or secure him for a daughter. Spoken by this humble maid the words had a new import.

As he was dropping off to sleep he was picturing a home of his own with a wife in it, and during the last moment before unconsciousness the wife was the image of Miss Sanderson's maid.

The next morning, while Mr. Eastburn was sitting with his mother at the breakfast table, a telegram was received from the expected guest saying that she was again delayed and would write. When the letter came the writer said that it might be a week before she could arrive. She also gave the information that her maid was not a common servant, but a student of domestic science and a friend whom she had taken into her service. Would Mr. Eastburn kindly treat her with more consideration than an ordinary servant?

"Mother," exclaimed the son, "confound this Miss Sanderson!"

"What do you mean, Edmond?"

"She's sent a lady up here as a maid without telling us anything about it. I suspected right away that the girl was not an ordinary maid. We must change our treatment of her at once. Let her dine with us this evening. I wish to make amends for not having shown her proper consideration."

Miss Eastburn was quite willing to act upon her son's suggestion. She spoke to the maid after breakfast and told her of the proposed change.

"Please give me your name," said Mrs. Eastburn.

"Adele, m'm."

"Never mind the 'm'm.' Adele what?"

"Adele Richards."

"Well, Miss Richards, I believe you brought some baggage of your own. I trust you have some suitable apparel."

Miss Richards said that she had and from that moment dropped the ways of a maid. She appeared at dinner suitably but simply dressed, and it seemed to Mr. Eastburn that the whole house was changed. His mother was delighted that something had occurred to keep him with her, since she had been dreading his departure. Mr. Eastburn asked a great many questions about domestic science and from Miss Richards' replies made up his mind that she must be a very stupid student. But since she was pretty and attractive he didn't minc this. After dinner when the maid lady or maid, whichever the girl was sat down at the piano and played the most difficult music delightfully Mr Eastburn was surprised again.

From that time forward the young man had some one to flirt with and thus while away the hours pleasantly He forgot all about the expected guest or if he remembered that sh was to visit his mother hoped her engagements would keep her away indefinitely. Fortunately for him sh never came.

During Miss Richards' stay th loaner of surplus funds instructed hi attorney to foreclose certain mor gages, the interest of which was i default. The attorney replied tha the mortgagor would like to meet hi at their office for a conference. M Eastburn spoke of the matter to Mi Richards, to whom he had become engaged, saying that he would decline the conference. His fiancee convince him that it was his duty to meet h debtor.

He went to the city, and Miss Ric ards followed him on the next trai On entering his attorney's private o fice whom should he see but Mi Sanderson's maid.

"What are you here for?" he aske astonished.

"I'm your debtor."

"My debtor?"

"Yes. I'm Edith Sanderson, t mortgagor."

The young man looked at his fianc in a dazed manner, while she conti ued:

"Perhaps you'd better not forecl these mortgages, seeing that the m ter will soon be in the family."

"Well, I reckon not," replied Eastburn, dumfounded.

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McKean County Miner

THURSDAY JULY 27, 1911.

Local and General.

—Fry & Comes have a new advertisement this week.

—Read the new advertisement of The Lindholm Co., Inc., in this issue.

—Daly & Garlick, the hardware men, have a new advertisement in their space this week.

—An advertisement of the Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company of Buffalo will be found in another column of to-day's issue.

—Four weeks from next Monday, August the 28th, school will open again. See Monheimer's advertisement for special bargains in school suits.

—A barn belonging to F. N. Ferris at Farmers Valley was blown down the latter part of last week. The barn which was an old land mark, was located across the road from his home at the foot of Heinlein hill.

—A second dividend of 25 per cent will begin to be distributed to members of the Peoples' Mutual about August 1. It is now claimed that policy holders will receive about 92 per cent. of the amount paid in by them.

—Rev. A. B. Blades, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Union Springs, N. Y., will preach in the Methodist church next Sunday, July 30, at 10:30 a. m. A representative of the Anti-Saloon League will preach at 10:30 a. m. on Sunday, August 6th. There will be no evening services.

—Arthur Folke, a young man of Pine Grove, just above Turtle Point, attempted a quick route to the distant realms Tuesday night by two consecutive doses of poison. He was quickly brought back to normal condition by the quick attention of a nearby doctor. He is 19 years of age. There is said to be a woman in the case.

The 40,000 odd rural-free delivery carriers in the United States are to receive salary increases as a result of a decision reached by Postmaster General Hitchcock. The order will provide for the disbursement during the current fiscal year of $4,000,000, which will mean an increase of $100 over the present salary of $900 for all carriers on standard routes, with proportionate increases on the shorter routes.

—A young Eldred girl becoming tired of her home life, decided she would go away and be her own boss, so accordingly she packed all her clothes and took French leave Sunday night, going as far as Coryville, and intending to continue her journey the next day, but Nemesis in the form of Wm. Harler overtook her at the former place, and she was escorted back to Eldred, a sadder but wiser little girl.—Eagle.

—An exchange says: Another stipulation of the new school code requires teachers when they sign a contract to teach for a certain board of directors to carry out the provisions of the contract. In case a teacher resigns after he or she has signed, the law provides that the teacher will be prohibited from teaching during the time the violated contract remains in force. The only excuse that will be accepted by the code is illness.

—Meadville, if reports are true, is flooded with lead dimes. If not flooded, there are a lot of them, and they are a fairly good imitation of the regular coin made by Uncle Sam, only so soft that they can be bent between the fingers. The spurious coins bear the date of 1909 and the date is the poorest piece of workmanship of the entire counterfeit. The figures are filled up. The milling is good and all other parts pass very readily for a good piece of money.

—The court has turned over to Trustee Marsh an order for a ten per cent. dividend and some of the vouchers may be out now. Those who revoked Burdick's power of attorney, Mr. Wilson assures this paper, will not have two per cent. deducted this time but it will take a few days longer to distribute these as the list is to be checked up to be sure there will be no trouble over it this time, about two-thirds of them were not allowed on the last dividend. This will make a total of 40 per cent. dividend and just what the promise is for the future is a query.—Eldred Eagle.

The Pennsylvania Railroad company has begun injunction proceedings in the Dauphin county courts to restrain the State Railroad Commission from enforcing the provisions of the Full Crew Acts of June 19, 1911. This proceeding has been brought to test the constitutionality of the new law which the railroad companies strongly oppose. The bill in equity filed sets forth that the law is unconstitutional and void and is not a valid exercise of the police power possessed by the State legislature of Pennsylvania and is in violation of the constitution of the United States and would interfere with interstate traffic.

—For the past few days a band of gypsies, with the usual number of children and horses, have been camping south of the ball grounds, and yesterday they were very unfortunate in discovering that their five horses which they had permitted to roam at will, were killed on the Pennsylvania railroad a distance of about three miles from where they were camping. This is a very strange coincident in as much as the five horses all got on to the track and were struck by a fast freight train which ploughed through the animals, killing and badly mutilating their carcasses with the exception of one that was killed soon after in order to put it out of misery.—Kane Republican.

—In commenting upon the methods used by "Billy" Sunday, the ex-baseball revivalist, the Titusville Herald very pertinently remarks: "Billy Sunday is a remarkable man, beyond a doubt. But if he could learn to omit some of his disgusting and shocking irreverence for men we believe he would get a little nearer to God. It can not be conceived that he reaches men through such methods; at least, he doesn't reach anything permanent in them. He is magnetic, forceful, convincing; but he uses a certain style of talk at times which can hardly be excused in one who professes to speak for the Almighty. If pastors of churches should adopt the Sunday style they would be without congregations. The tabernacle and the cinder path seem to afford liberties with divine things that would be incompatible with a church edifice and a carpeted aisle. Just why is a little difficult to explain; but the difference exists and therein lies the difference between Billy Sunday and the preacher."

LEPROSY IN INDIA.

The "Untouchables" Reach the Lowest Depths of Human Woe.

The "untouchables" of India reside in little huts made of palm leaves or mud, without windows, and with a single doorway, usually so small that even a child must stoop in order to enter it, containing absolutely no furniture, except a few rudely baked earthen pots and pans.

Generally there is no bedstead of any kind, the whole family sleeping huddled up on the bare dirt floor which is commonly plastered with cow dung. A few rags cover their persons and these are worn night and day. Their financial condition precludes eating more than one meal a day, and this oftener than not is far from hunger appeasing and is seldom calculated to appeal to the palate. For this wretched existence they must work hard and long hours.

On account of the filthy condition in which they live disease is rampant among them. According to the last census, eighty-eight out of every 100,000 people of the depressed classes are afflicted with leprosy. In the matter of education they are as deficient as they are in every other virtue. According to the report of the director general of public instruction of Bombay, barely five out of 1,000 of the pariah children of the presidency of school going age attend school.

In one word, these fifty-three odd millions of Hindus are not only socially but also intellectually, physically, financially and morally submerged.—Saint Nihal Singh in Southern Workman.

FREEZES THE LUNGS.

When Intensely Cold Air Is Breathed In Through the Mouth.

"I asked an Alaskan pioneer who was crossing to his old home in Sweden what happened when the thermometer goes down to 60 and 80 degrees below zero," said a Seattle man. "At 60 degrees below," he said, "the exposed ears, hands or nose will freeze in going a quarter of a mile under ordinary circumstances, but the children go to and come from school as usual without suffering from the cold provided their faces and hands are protected.

"They soon get used to it. But caution must be used to avoid drawing the cold air into the lungs, and it is dangerous to breathe through the mouth. More die from pneumonia brought on by freezing the lungs in that way than from any other form of exposure. Horses are protected by breathing bags, which extend down from the nose of the animal about eighteen inches and are open at the bottom. The breath which is exhaled warms the air in the bag before it is inhaled and drawn into the lungs. And men wear a 'parky' or headdress which extends over the face and affords similar protection.

"In the Canadian districts the northwest mounted police regulate the treatment of horses on the freight wagons and stage lines in a most humane manner, so as to prevent them from suffering in this way."—Washington Herald.

Slavery In Scottish Mines.

Slavery lingered in the Scottish mine until the very eve of the nineteenth century. Mr. Hackwood, in "The Good Old Times," draws a picture of the Scottish miner's unhappy lot in the past: "From about the year 1445 until 1775 the miners of Scotland were bought and sold with the soil. It is stated in old chronicles that bloodhounds were kept to trace them if they left their employment and to aid in bringing them back. By statute law miners were bound to work all days in the year except Paschal and Yule, and if they did not work they were to be 'whipped in the bodies for the glory of God and for the good of their masters.' Not until 1775 was the first law passed in an attempt to better this state of things, but it was 1799 ere the law gave the working miner of Scotland his complete freedom."—London Chronicle.

The Word "Terse."

"Terse" is a word that has an understood meaning nowadays. Shadwell in the fourth act of "The Humorists" (1671) put this question into the mouth of one of his characters: "Must I stay till by the strength of terse claret you have wet yourself into courage?" It is probably an allusion to what is still sometimes called "Dutch courage"—bravery inspired by alcohol. Claret was in those times imported in "tierces," and "terse" may be a condensed form of that word; also "terse claret" may have been a drink that did its business without any circumlocution, like the terse speaker or writer.

Circular Plates.

All our plates are circular in shape. Now, a square or oval plate would be just as convenient. Is there any reason why plates should be of their present shape? It seems that if we dip into the far past we may discover the cause. Our remote ancestors ate their food off flat pieces of wood cut from a tree trunk. The tree trunk being cylindrical in shape, the earliest plates were therefore roughly circular, and the shape has been used ever since.

Taking Her Down.

Miss Elderbud (triumphantly)—Just think of it! At the ball last night I listened to five declarations of love.

Her Friend—How mean of you, Alice! Who was the pretty girl you were sitting near?—Boston Transcript.

He is no whole man until he knows how to earn a blameless livelihood.—Emerson.

MOLDED HIS DEATH TOLL.

Legend of "the Poor Sinner's Bell" That Was Cast In Breslau.

The poor sinner's bell is a bell in the city of Breslau, in the province of Silesia, Prussia, and hangs in the tower of one of the city churches. It was cast July 17, 1386, according to historic records. It is said that a great bell founder of the place had undertaken to make the finest church bell he had ever made.

When the metal was melted the founder withdrew for a few moments, leaving a boy to watch the furnace and enjoining him not to meddle with the catch that held the molten metal, but the boy disobeyed the caution, and when he saw the metal flowing into the mold he called the founder.

The latter rushed in and, seeing, as he thought, his work of weeks undone and his masterpiece ruined, struck the boy a blow that caused his immediate death. When the metal cooled and the mold was opened the bell was found to be not only perfect, but of marvelous sweetness of tone.

The founder gave himself up to the authorities, was tried and condemned to death. On the day of his execution the bell was rung to call people to attend church and offer a prayer for the unhappy man's soul, and from that it obtained the name of "the poor sinner's bell."

SEEING A PURPLE COW.

Perfectly Natural Under Certain Conditions, Says an Artist.

H. Anthony Dyer, painter of water colors, was explaining the matter to some possible buyers of his wares.

"Suppose while you are in the country in summer," said he, "you chance upon a Holstein cow grazing on a hillside. Holsteins, of course you know, are black and white. The pasture is green. Off at one side is a gray unpainted barn. Do you stagger with surprise when you notice that that cow is purple? Not a bit of it. If it were not purple you might reasonably consult an oculist. That would be a sign that your eyes needed attention.

"But you may never have tried to figure out why the cow is purple. Here is the answer: The complementary color of the green pasture is red. The sight of green always suggests red, although we don't realize it. Flooding the scene is the yellow sunshine. The yellow, the red and the green combine to tint the grazing neutral colored cow purple, and purple it undeniably is, as you must admit when next you encounter one under such circumstances. Nevermore, therefore, may you sing with Gelett Burgess:

I never saw a purple cow.
I never hope to see one.

—New York Press.

The Bug Bible.

The bug Bible was printed in 1549 by the authority of Edward VI., and its curiosity lies in the rendering of the fifth verse of the Ninety-first Psalm, which, as we know, runs, "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night nor for the arrow which flieth by day," but in the above version it ran, "So thou shalt not nede to be afraid of any bugges by night."

Ludicrous as this sounds, it is not etymologically without justification. "Bug" is derived from the Welsh word "bwg," which meant a hobgoblin or terrifying specter, a signification traceable in the word commonly in use today—"bugbear"—and Shakespeare once or twice uses the word in this primary sense, notably when he makes Hamlet say, "Such bugs and goblins in my life."

Daffodil Superstitions.

Daffodils are not only poisonous and libelous, but most unlucky flowers, especially when single specimens are encountered. Herrick, who must often have gone through the experience without much harm happening, declares that—

When a daffodil I see
Hanging down her head to me,
Guess I may what I must be,
First, I shall decline my head;
Secondly, I shall be dead;
Lastly, safely buried

In Herrick's own Devon to this day if you place a single daffodil on the table of a farmhouse the farmer will jump up and exclaim, "Now we shall have no young ducks this year." The evil spell can be broken by increasing the single flower to a bunch.—St. James' Gazette.

Queer Nest of the Tontobane.

The oddest of all birds' nests is the one built by the tontobane, a South African songster. It is built of cotton and always upon the tree producing the material. In constructing the domicile the female works inside and the male outside, where he builds a sentinel box for his own special use. He sits in the box and keeps watch or sings nearly all the time, and when danger comes in the form of a hawk or a snake he warns the family, but never enters the main nest.

A Dodger.

"Bibbles is a great man to try to dodge a responsibility on technicalities."

"Yes. He once signed a pledge. Then he forgot about it and called in a handwriting expert to prove that the signature was a forgery."—Washington Star.

A Good Manager.

The Wife—After all, Adolphus, this visit isn't going to be so expensive. With the half dozen dresses I simply had to get and your clothes cleaned and pressed we'll manage splendidly.—Harper's Bazar.

He is our friend who loves more than admires us.—Channing.

BEGGARS OF LONDON.

Many of Them Partial to the Hired Sickly Infant Scheme.

There is no city in Europe, according to an American citizen who has returned from a business trip to England, where there may be seen so many beggars in the streets as in the British metropolis, says the Washington Herald.

"These beggars—'halt, blind, maimed'—come for the most part from the 'beggars' colony,' the most lawless district in all London. It is hidden in the haze of mean streets in the borough of Kensington and is called Nottingdale.

"These 'tale pitchers,' as they call themselves, are men and women who hire starved looking children by the day to enlist the sympathy of the benevolent. There are 'old soldiers' and 'sailors,' with bogus beards and records complete; there are 'shabby genteel' men in tattered frock coats and carefully brushed broken boots, who talk of 'college days;' there are the musical beggars, who live by singing; there are the begging letter writers, and, finally, there are the beggars who solicit under the pretext of offering matches, collar buttons or shoestrings for sale.

"A 'tale pitcher' who knows the ropes can hire a sickly infant at the rate of about 12½ cents a day. An unusually wretched looking infant will be dearer, but a whole family of neglected mites can be borrowed for 50 cents and 'no questions asked.' Many of these professional beggars make as much as $4 a day."

WALTON'S FAST.

The "Plunger" Did Even More Than the Doctor Suggested.

Race track lovers of some years ago all knew "Plunger" Walton—Francis Theodore Walton, as he was christened. Everything that Walton did he did as thoroughly as he plunged on the races. This habit was illustrated by his famous fast. Rheumatism caused him considerable suffering for years. Across the street from him lived a doctor, who said one day:

"Walton, you eat too much. That's what's the matter with you. Do as I say and you will cure your rheumatism. Don't let food tempt you so much. Just taper off your meals, and don't eat except when you really feel like it."

Some time passed before the two men met again. The physician inquired what results followed from heeding his directions. He listened thunderstruck to the following report:

"That advice of yours sounded easy, and I didn't eat a morsel for twenty-one days. No, sir; not a single particle of food passed my lips. Every hour that I was awake I did drink a glass of water. I suffered no great pangs of hunger. I was comfortable and had a good time. It was my wife's anxiety that made me break my fast. She got the notion that I was losing weight too fast. You see, I once weighed 285 pounds. When I began the fast I weighed 246. At the end of twenty-one days I weighed an even 200. Your advice was all right."—New York Tribune.

A Coral Pipe.

While a United States warship was off Barbados a few years ago a sailor who was amusing himself fishing for sharks brought up from the depths a long "churchwarden" pipe that evidently had been lying at the bottom of the sea for a hundred years or more. It was unbroken and had either been accidentally dropped overboard or washed out of some old wreck. The coral insects had seized upon it and covered the long stem with delicate, lacelike branches and the bowl with fine "vermicelli" work. So completely was it concealed with the coral coating that it was impossible to determine the original material of the pipe. Oddly enough, the inside of the bowl had been left untouched and still showed the stains of fire and nicotine.—New York Press.

Hope.

Hope is anticipation. It is an inherent feeling in mankind and a divine provision for the sustentation of interest in life. Hope is a chord which strikes pleasant desires for the future; it is every one's sunshine, the rainbow in the storm, the silver lining to the present cloud, a star set in the firmament of our lives, to brighten, lighten and cheer the way and differs in magnitude and brightness according to occasion. Hope is an antidote of misery, a cordial for the desponding and a chain with many links.—Nellie E. Mate.

Patience.

There's no music in a "rest," that I know of, but there's the making of music in it. And people are always missing that part of the life melody, always talking of perseverance and courage and fortitude, but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest too.—Ruskin.

Doing It Right.

"But, my dear, if I buy you this gown it will put me $50 in debt."

"Only $50! If you are going in debt why not go in like a gentleman and make it a hundred?"—Fliegende Blatter.

The White Woman's Burden.

Of course men have a lot of small worries, but they don't have to carry a chamois skin and a little satchel around with them wherever they go.—Galveston News.

I've never any pity for conceited people, because they carry their comfort about with them.—George Eliot.

Scruples and Drams.

Although there are three scruples in a dram, the more drams one takes the fewer scruples one has.—New York Tribune.

A Short Story.

Chapter 1—I think you are just the bestest, goodest husband in all the world!

Chapter 2—I wonder how much she wants.

Chapter 3—And he gave it to me without fussing a bit. I wonder what he has been up to.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it.

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer

Smethport, Pa.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs. to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

Automobiles

I have secured the agency for Stoddard-Dayton cars for Elk and McKean counties. If you are thinking of buying an automobile, consult me. 23 different styles; any color desired. Prices range from $1[illegible] to $[illegible]. [illegible] buyers.

J. W. WITTMAN, Jr.,
Agent.
ST. MARYS, Elk County, PENNA.

Ladies! Save Money and Keep in Style by Reading McCall's Magazine and Using McCall Patterns

McCall's Magazine will help you dress stylishly at a moderate expense by keeping you posted on the latest fashions in clothes and hats. 50 New Fashion Designs in each issue. Also valuable information on all home and personal matters. Only 50c a year, including a free pattern. Subscribe today or send for free sample copy.

McCall Patterns will enable you to make in your own home, with your own hands, clothing for yourself and children which will be perfect in style and fit. Price—none higher than 15 cents. Send for free Pattern Catalogue.

We Will Give You Fine Presents for getting subscriptions among your friends. Send for free Premium Catalogue and Cash Prize Offer.

THE McCALL COMPANY, 239 to 249 West 37th St., NEW YORK

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes. I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,

Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKES,
Editor and Prop'r.

Treasurer.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of Treasurer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

H. W. RUBIN.

Smethport, Pa., July 11, 1911.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of Treasurer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

C. C. MELVIN, 2d.

Bradford, Pa., June 30, 1911.

County Commissioner.

Custer City, Bradford Township, July 5, 1911:—Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for county commissioner on the Republican ticket, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries on September 30.

L. M. SIGGINS.

Editor McKean Miner: Kindly announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters, at the primaries to be held Saturday, Sept. 30, 1911.

A. R. ANDERSON.

Clermont, Pa., July 8th, 1911.

District Attorney.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of district attorney of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held on Sept. 30 next.

THOMAS B. WILSON.

Bradford, Pa., July 1, 1911.

Coroner.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Coroner of McKean county, subject to the decision of Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

E. R. SHERMAN.

Bradford, Pa., July 10, 1911.

Editor Miner: Please announce that I am a candidate for Coroner of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republicans at the primaries to be held September 30, 1911.

A. N. HEARD.

Bradford, Pa., July 10, 1911.

Recorder of Deeds.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for Recorder of Deeds of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries Sept. 30th, 1911.

HOMER M. CHOATE.

Smethport, Pa., July 24th, 1911.

Prothonotary.

Editor of the Miner: You are hereby authorized to announce that I am a candidate for Prothonotary of McKean County, subject to the will of the Republican voters, as expressed in the primaries to be held on the 30th day of September, 1911.

B. F. STARSKY.

Smethport, Pa., July 22, 1911.

Smethport, Thursday July 27, 1911.

Nebraska Republicans, in convention at Lincoln on Tuesday, gave President Taft and his administration a strong endorsement and effectively blocked all efforts of a small band of insurgent delegates to arouse sentiment for Senator Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin, as a presidental candidate.

Reports that Germany has decided to call out 400,000 army reserves and that France will follow suit and news that Lloyd's will not hold themselves responsible for any war risks on shipping later than August 15, Tuesday entered the ominous cloud of gloom that has arisen on the European horizon since the development of the Moroccan situation, through Germany's aggressive action. Negotiations between Germany and France have been perilously near a crisis. "If negotiations are broken off, it means war," said an attaché who is in close touch with the situation.

B. F. Starsky announces in this issue his candidacy for Prothonotary of this county, to succeed himself, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. Starsky has held this position one term and has performed the duties of his office in such a satisfactory manner that there is little probability that he will have any opposition at the primaries. Mr. Starsky has not only performed his duties in a satisfactory manner but he is a genial, popular and accomodating young man who has made a host of friends throughout the county who will materially assist him in his canvass and are confident that he will be re-nominated and re-elected by a big plurality.

H. M. Choate announces his candidacy for Recorder of Deeds for this county in this issue of The Miner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. Choate is too well-known in this county to need any introduction to our voters. He has been connected with this office for a number of years and has always performed the duties of his office in such an able and pleasant way that all who have had business with him are his firm friends. He is a veteran of the Civil war and has always taken an active interest in G. A. R. matters. The office of Recorder of Deeds without Mr. Choate at its head would be like a boat without a rudder in a high sea and realizing this his many friends throughout the county will undoubtedly see to it that he is retained in the position he now holds.

The reciprocity bill received the presidential signature at 3:30 yesterday afternoon. Just when the agreement will become operative, now that it has been finally ratified into law by congress and President Taft, was a question upon which there was a division of opinion among authorities in Washington yesterday. As agreed to, the measure contains two sections. The first sets forth the full dutiable and free list articles to be sent under the terms of the bill from this country to Canada, and the dutiable and free lists of articles sent from the Dominion to the United States.

The second section provides for free entry into the United States, from Canadian provinces that do not enforce any export tax or other restrictions, on shipments to the United States, of wood pulp, newsprint and other paper and paper board manufactured mainly of wood pulp and valued at not more than four cents a pound.

Senator Reed Smoot (Rep., Utah) one of the highest authorities on the tariff in the Senate asserted that the first section of the bill could not take effect until it had been passed by the Canadian Parliament. "As to section 2," he said, "there is a strong opinion among senators that it will take effect on the passage of the bill by Congress, even if Canada, at that time, has taken no action on the reciprocity measure."

In the first section of the agreement is a provision setting forth that the dutiable and free lists of articles from Canada "shall take effect whenever the President of the United States shall have satisfactory evidence and shall make proclamation" that the dutiable and free lists of the United States goods sent to Canada are recognized by the Dominion.

Section two, of the United States bill, is a plain statute that requires no action by the President to carry it into effect.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

For the past week the State and Navy Departments have been busy making preparations for the coming of Admiral Count Heihachiro Togo, chief of the naval staff of Japan and the hero of the great sea fight of May 27-28, 1904, when his fleet met the fleet of Russia in the Sea of Japan and brought about its entire annihilation in the course of the fight.

In the last quarter of a century no such welcome has been extended to a foreign officer with the possible exception of the entertainment furnished to Prince Henry of Prussia who came to the United States, not so much as a laurel-crowned hero of a well-won battle, but as the representative and relative of a friendly sovereign. Prince Henry of Prussia had never smelled powder except as a puff of saluting smoke may have assailed his nostrils. Prince Henry had never seeen a shot fired in anger. Not so Admiral Heihachiro Togo, Samurai and Noble of the land of the Rising Sun.

According to tentative plans of the two departments Admiral Togo and his aide will arrive at New York on August 4, where the hero of the Sea of Japan will be met by Captain Templin M. Potts, U. S. N., who has been detailed by President Taft to represent the United States government during Admiral Togo's stay in this country including his projected transcontinental journey, for the Admiral will sail for home from Vancouver. The itinerary as tentatively prepared by the State and Navy Departments provides for a two days' visit in New York and its environs. He is expected to arrive in Washington on August 6 where he will spend some three or four days. During his stay in the Capital he will be dined at the White House and by Secretary of State Knox and the Secretary of the Navy Meyer. The Admiral will be taken to Mt. Vernon on the presidential yacht "Mayflower," where he will deposit a wreath on the tomb of Washington and will also be shown over the Indian Head (Md.) naval proving grounds. Annapolis will furnish a side trip and there the Admiral will be given a glimpse of the alma mater of many of his brothers in arms, for Annapolis furnished educations for more than a score of the higher officers of the Japanese navy.

From Washington Admiral Togo will visit Philadelphia and Boston and from that city he will journey to Niagara Falls where he will cross into Canada and it is doubtful if he will again enter the United States as his present plan calls for his westward trip over the Canadian Pacific railway.

Admiral Togo's rank is that of a full Admiral. In this he parallels Admiral George Dewey. Therefore when he visits any of the military or naval posts of the United States he will be accorded the honors of the highest naval rank including the salute of seventeen guns.

Governor Eugene N. Foss of Massachusetts is in close sympathy with the educational work that is being done by the National Rivers and Harbors Congress looking to the systematic improvement of the rivers and harbors of the United States. Recently he appointed a waterways commission for the Old Bay State which is to take up the matter of canals, harbors and waterways, co-operating with similar committees or commissions in other New England states more particularly with reference to the canal between Boston and Narragansett Bay. In a recent letter to Secretary J. F. Ellison of Cincinnati, of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress, Gov. Foss said: "I believe that the question of waterway improvements to the end that the rivers and harbors and connecting waterways may take their place to the fullest extent in carrying the commerce of the Nation, should receive the hearty support not only of the general government but of the government of the different states."

The Smith family is doing its duty by Congress and now has nine men in the House and Senate. Senator Hoke Smith of Georgia is the latest edition to the Smiths'. He joins William Alden Smith of Michigan; Ellison D. Smith of South Carolina; and John Walter Smith of Maryland in the Senate. The House has five Smiths. They are Charles B. Smith of New York; J. M. C. Smith of the same state; Sylvester C. Smith of California; and William R. Smith of Texas. Michigan is liberal with her Smiths, and has furnished the Sixty-Second Congress with one senator and two representatives.

Postmaster General Hitchcock has received a letter from Postmaster W. F. Elgin at Corinth, Miss., in which he inclosed a silver dollar of the vintage of 1889, a sample of several hundred he has received since the operation of the postal savings bank system was put into effect in his office about a week ago. This coin has a coating of green mould, seeming to indicate that it has been either buried or kept in some moist place for some years at least. Postmaster Elgin in his letter to the Postmaster General says: "I am inclosing, with my compliments, a silver dollar which was deposited together with several hundred others just like it which had apparently been buried for many years. I send this to show you the benefits which the enactment of the Postal Savings Bank law is bringing about. I believe it will be the means of putting a great deal of money into circulation which has been concealed heretofore and will in reality prove a benefit to the banks rather than an injury as some have predicted prior and subsequent to the enactment of the postal savings bank law."

LONG TRIP TO PARENTS.

Little Girl Crosses Ocean Alone and Travels to DuBois to Join Father and Mother.

A little girl between five and six years old, came in from the east on Conductor Cribb's train at 12:55 Saturday, who had been a lone traveler all the way from Liverpool, says the DuBois Morning Courier.

The little tot had a linen tag fastened to her on which was written "Mary Hickman, going to her father, at DuBois, Pa., U. S. A., Arabic." Another tag showed that she had been taken in charge at New York by the Immigration Commissioner's department and forwarded. When the train neared DuBois the conductor told her that she would soon get off, and she answered repeatedly by saying: "I wonder if papa will be there?" When the train arrived, she was carried down the steps and placed in the crowd and a few minutes later both her father and mother were found.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending July 22, 1911:

Amos, Mr. Chas.
Butler, Mr. George M.
Brown, J. C., Esq.
Brunk, Mrs. Bessie.
Foster, Mrs. Lillian.
Johnson, Mr. Gustaf.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

A NEW ROAD LAW.

A New Act and How It Effects Townships but Does Not Apply To Boroughs.

The new road law applying only to township roads makes some important changes, says the Milton Standard. At the election this fall one supervisor will be elected for four years his term commencing in December, and at the next election for township officers two supervisors will be elected for four years, and so alternately thereafter. The boards organize on the first Monday in December, instead of the first Monday in March, as heretofore, and the law goes into effect in December of this year. The auditors will meet at that time. The provisions as to officers of the board and roadmasters is the same as the present law and their compensation is the same. The township is supposed to receive fifty per cent. of cash road tax from the State, provided it is not over twenty dollars a mile, but the Legislature has again cut the appropriation so that it cannot pay over five dollars a mile. But all of this money must be spent in what is called permanent improvements, according to the directions of the highway department and does not include ordinary repairs. The taxes are collected by the township collector as at present. The collector receives two per cent. up to June 1st, and five per cent. thereafter, same as the present law. The law has no reference to the Sproul highway law, which is entirely separate. By this latter act all applications for state aid unfilled this year and sponged from the slate. All of the 296 roads mentioned in this law will be thrown upon the state in June, 1912, and thereafter all townships will be relieved from their maintenance. While there are some good features in this measure, it provides for so much supervision and expense that it is likely to meet with much disfavor in some localities.

Millinery for Spring.

My Millinery display for Spring is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' headgear, call on

Mar.23-tf CARRIE CLARK.

Fifty Young Men Wanted

To qualify for $75 to $100 a month positions. A ten months' course will do it. Westbrook Academy, Olean, N. Y. Jul.13-3t

IT WAS FAR BEYOND OUR EXPECTATIONS—— OUR SALVAGE SALE.

If we were to tell you the number of people we waited upon, or the amount of goods we disposed of last Thursday, Friday and Saturday, you might say we were boasting. But we had fifty sales people to wait on the trade and then had to close our doors to keep the people out, so we could straighten up our stock. This speaks for itself. Every customer was so well pleased with their purchases that they told some one else. So instead of our business falling off after the first day, it kept increasing from day to day until it was impossible to take care of every one who desired to take advantage of our wonderful bargains. We are now better equipped to handle our customers, and we will be able to wait on you in the proper manner. We have put on sale a great many suits, overcoats and raincoats that are damaged. Some with the linings burned, others that were wet, etc. These goods can be easily repaired so they will be just as good as new, and they will be sold at such low prices that we feel we are almost giving them away. People that work will find these goods just what they want for working clothes. Our store will be open evenings, to accommodate those that can't come during the day. I remain, very respectfully,

IKE SIMONS

Big Double Clothing House

52-54 Main Street

Bradford, Pa.

H. W. RUBIN

John B. Stetson Soft and Stiff Hats

$3.50 to $5.00

at

H. W. RUBIN'S

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

THE LAST THAT LASTS.

That's just to catch your eye. a matter of fact the shoes we se men are made over lasts that are only stylish, but afford a whole comfort as well. If you are of unbelieving kind, the one thing ask—the only thing we ask—is a on" of our Just Wright shoes Summer wear.

ANDERSON & CARLSON,

The Shoe Men,

Smethport,

PHONE 7 BROWNELL'S PHONE 7

We have just received a fresh shipment of Faxon, Williams & Faxon's cookies. Come in and try them. Once Faxons' goods, always Faxon's goods.

From now on, throughout the summmer and early fall we will have fresh green goods. Take a look at them and be convinced.

F. W. BROWNELL

You get Better Values Here

AUTOMOBILE TIRE REPAIRING

in all its branches, done on short notice and at reasonable prices. (All work guaranteed)

Smethport Inner Tubes

are guaranteed to give satisfaction. SMETHPORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more mileage from OLD CASINGS.

A Full Line of Sundries in Stock

——Write us for Prices——

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.,
SMETHPORT, PA.

THE LAST WEEK of our GREAT JULY CLEARANCE SALE

AND IN ORDER TO MAKE THIS LAST WEEK THE BANNER WEEK OF OUR SALE, WE WILL OFFER SPECIAL PRICES IN EVERY DEPARTMENT IN THE STORE

For Friday and Saturday

LADIES' OXFORDS IN TAN, PATENT and DULL LEATHER, THE $3.00 KIND, FOR .... $1.98 PR.
" " " " " " " " "$3.50 & $4" " .... $2.25 PR.
BOYS' & GIRLS' " " " " " " " "$1.50 & $1.75" " .... $ .93 PR.

DRESS GOODS YOUR CHOICE OF OUR 50C QUALITY FOR 30C YD. AND ANY OF OUR $1.00 QUALITY FOR 79C YD.

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

Open every evening until 8 o'clock
Saturdays until 10 P. M.

IT'S FLY TIME

IT'S HIGH TIME

You use Daly & Garlick's
Fly Killer 25c per Gal.
For the Dairyman
It saves milk
" " feed
" " flesh
SAVES TROUBLE and ANNOYANCE

AT

DALY & GARLICK'S

McKean County Miner
Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday July 27, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Dr. Burg Chadwick is erecting a garage in the rear of his store on Main street.

—Bradford has purchased an automobile truck to be used by the Fire Department.

—The Backus Novelty Co. has some attractive new signs on its garage and in the windows.

—The Bradford races are on this week and excellent sport is being furnished. Friday is the last day of the meet.

—The members of the Bridge Whist Club drove to Shinglehouse this morning in automobiles and are being entertained by Mrs. Hal. Hockenberry.

—Sunday, July 23, 1911, Justice R. C. Gleason united in marriage Ezra Watkins of Hornby, N. Y., and Miss Carrie M. Hutchins of Elmira, N. Y.

—Mrs. Metta Babcock Sibley, wife of ex-Congressman Joseph C. Sibley, died at her home in Franklin yesterday morning after a lingering illness.

—The standard gauge crossing of the Kushequa Route over the Shawmut tracks in this borough will probably be put in the early part of next week.

—A large party of young people held a very pleasant dancing party at Holder's hall last Friday evening. Refreshments were served by the young ladies.

—A big seven-passenger automobile belonging to Olean parties went off he road on Larabee flats last Sunday nd plowed into a marsh, considerab y damaging the car. The occupants scaped uninjured.

—The house and lots on East Main treet belonging to the L. Rogers estate were sold at public sale on Monay and were purchased by Harry L. ackus, who has occupied the house r a number of years.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Masser are oing to move the latter part of this eek into the flat in the Walter Daly ilding on Mechanic street, formerly cupied by Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Corin.

—Dr. W. A. Ostrander has purchas the Colegrove house located on e corner of King and Washington reets, and will move into the same the near future. It is understood at the consideration is about $3,-

—Mrs. E. B. Chase, aged 60 years, d at her home in Eldred on Wed day of last week. She is survived her husband, and two children; F. Chase, formerly a printer in this ce, and Mrs. L. H. Duryea of El d.

—C. Herzog & Son have purchased 5 horse-power gas engine which been used in a Salamanca furni e factory and are having the en e installed in their feed mill on street. The engine will be used y when the water is too low to run mill.

—Justice of the Peace Walter M. nold, of Olean, married Henry ar and Miss Edna P. Lunn, both whom live in Hazelhurst, Pa., on Thursday of last week.—Eldred Eagle. This will be pleasing news to their many friends in Smethport, where they lived for a number of years.

—This week the Pittsburgh Gazette Times is issuing a 125th Anniversary series, commemorating the foundation of that paper. The issues review the growth of Pittsburgh and her industries in the past 125 years, and the articles are well worth the time taken to read them.

—The Smethport baseball team went over to Port Allegany yesterday afternoon and played a very interesting game of ball, the Port Allegany team winning in the tenth inning by a score of 5 to 4. It is alleged that the winning run for Port Allegany was made on a home run that really was a foul ball.

—While angling on his preserve at Allentown, Harry C. Wexler caught a true Albino trout 11½ inches long with pink eyes. An albino trout is said to be the greatest rarity in nature, not one occurring in 10,000,000, this is said to be only the second ever hooked in Pennsylvania. The fish which is pure white, with brilliant cardinal spots put up an unusual fight.—Genessee Times.

—Monday's Kane Republican says: Yesterday morning the writer was shown a seventeen-year locust which was captured near the Brush Block. The bug is most formidable looking and we trust that it will never appear in this section in large numbers as it is very destructive and capable of doing much damage.

—When the driver of a horse hears an auto horn blow he must at once take notice and turn to the right and give half of the road and the auto will pass on the left. When meeting a car both parties must turn to the right and give one half of the road. Many accidents might be averted by observation of these rules, says an exchange.

—We think Dan Brasted has them all beaten on early green corn. Last Thursday afternoon he informed us that he was going to have new green corn out of his garden for supper and as we appeared to doubt his statement he sent us on Saturday a nice mess from the same garden, which was hugely enjoyed and for which we hereby tender our thanks.

—Very Reverend Joseph F. Butler, O. F. M., for the past 25 years president of St. Bonaventure's seminary and college at Allegany, N. Y., died in New York on Tuesday at St. Francis hospital, after a lingering illness. He suffered from a hardening of the arteries. The funeral will be held Friday morning in Allegany. Father Joseph was 74 years of age.

—Last Sunday afternoon the ladies of East Smethport entertained the Citizens' band on Charles Pratt's lawn. The way this organization was treated will never be forgotten. The band rendered its best music and plenty of it and a grand dinner was served them. The concert which was given under the large trees drew a large crowd and the afternoon was well spent.

—The Protected Home Circle will hold a basket picnic at Riverhurst Park, Aug. 10. Fare for round trip 80c, members of Smethport Circle fare will be paid. The I. O. O. F. band has been secured for the day. Meet at the hall at eight o'clock sharp, wearing the colors of the order. Train on the P., S. & N. leaves at 8:45. The public is cordially invited to join, fill your baskets and then join them and have the time of your life.

—Mr. Arthur Witt and Miss Hilma Norman, both of this borough, were united in marriage at Buffalo, on Wednesday, July 19, 1911. The groom is a popular young bottle glass worker who has resided here for a number of years and the birde is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Norman, and is a charming and popular young lady. Both have many friends here who will unite with The Miner in wishing this happy young couple a long and pleasant journey through life.

—Members of the Eastern Star met in social session at their lodge rooms in the Odd Fellows block last night and held a farewell reception for Prof. and Mrs. Burdette S. Bayle, who with their children leave the early part of next week for their new home in Ambridge, Pa. About 25 members were present and a very pleasant evening was spent after which an excellent luncheon was served. Prof. and Mrs. Bayle have been faithful members of this order for several years and they will be greatly missed by their brothers and sisters of the order.

—The Ridgway Record says: The many friends of S. A. Powell, the pioneer moving picture man of Ridgway, who is now in Seattle, Wash., will be pleased to know that Mr. Powell is getting along nicely and sends cheerful greetings to his many friends. The editor of the Daily Record received a number of protographic views a few days ago of Mr. Powell's "cute little show shop," as he calls it. The Coliseum, which is designed on his letter head as the World's Greatest Photoplay Theatre, has a seating capacity of three thousand.

—The woman who leaped from a passenger train on the Pennsylvania railroad on Wednesday evening, near Warren, proved to be Mrs. Florence Goodwell who resides not far from Irvineton, Pa., at a place called Scott's Crossings. The woman who is about 30 years of age, was ticketed from Garland to Irvineton. She was taken ill on the train and it is presumed passed her getting off place, Irvineton, and discovering this when it was too late, in her excitement, opened the vestibule door and leaped off. She was found not far from her home. She was not seriously hurt and will recover. That she escaped instant death is a miracle.

—Sore in body and limping perceptibly, J. C. "Bud" Mars, one time daring aviator, left the Erie hospital yesterday, where he has been recovering from injuries due to a fall with his bi-plane in that city last Friday. Mars went to a local hotel, where he will be confined to his room for several days yet. Mars said he will not attempt another flight for at least six month's and may abandon aviation. He is contemplating taking another trip around the world and says that it may be years before he will be seen in another aeroplane flight. Speaking of his accident Mars said he knew there were several things wrong with his machine on the day he fell, but they were of a minor character and could not have been explained satisfactorily to the crowd awaiting his flight. The only thing he cannot understand about the accident is how he escaped with his life.—Kane Republican.

—A gar fish weighing 12 pounds and within two inches of four feet in length was caught in the Allegheny river at Olean, N. Y., Monday by Frank Smith. The catch aroused much interest among the fishermen of that section to whom the fish was an unknown specimen of the finny tribe. There was a time when middle-aged men of the place were boys that this species of pike was common in the river in the vicinity of Oil City and below the mouth of the Clarion river, most of the catches being made by out-lines or by spearing which was not restricted as to season or to species of fish taken by gigging. The fish has the long slim body peculiar to the pike family and in front there is a long bill shaped mouth equipped top and bottom with sharp teeth. This and the spoon-bill sturgeon which was also common at the time referred to have been practically exterminated and no one cares as neither fish it fit for food while extremely destructive to smaller fish.—Oil City Derrick.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Harry Rubin had business in Mt. Jewett on Monday.

B. T. Garlick was a Bradfodr business visitor Saturday.

Mrs. W. S. Palmer is visiting friends in Tidioute this week.

Fred Baker and son, Ed, of Port Allegany were in town on Monday.

Ray Day, who has been spending his vacation in Buffalo, is home.

John Eckert of Mt. Jewett passed Sunday with friends in this place.

S. F. Redfield returned home Monday from a business trip to Buffalo.

Mrs. W. P. Burdick of Kane was the guest of friends in town yesterday.

Sheriff W. H. Morrison and son, Allen, were Pittsburgh visitors this week.

Mrs. J. W. Widert of Wilcox is the guest of Mrs. J. W. Brennan this week.

Mrs. A. B. Wells of Geneva, N. Y., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin.

Miss Ruth Hungerford left Tuesday for a visit with relatives and friends in Rixford.

F. G. Lindholm of Greensburg, Pa., was calling on friends in this place last week.

Craig Workley left Monday for a visit with his grandmother, Mrs. McVean, at York, Pa.

Miss Eva Hoffman has returned from a visit with relatives and friends in Kane and Corry.

Miss Caroline Moore of Emporium is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Armstrong.

Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin, Mrs. W. E. Van Dyke and Miss May Choate were in Bradford Saturday.

Misses Hallie Walker and Edith Young left Saturday for a trip up the St. Lawrence to Quebec.

Wm. Monheimer will leave next Monday on a business trip to Philadelphia and New York City.

Mrs. J. D. Irons and son, Lester, have returned from a few days' visit with her parents in Tioga, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. King left Thursday for a two weeks' visit with relatives and friends in Pittsburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Strong and children were the guests of Mr. Strong's parents at Friendship last week.

Ben, Floyd and Clinton Young left Saturday last for California, where they will make their future home.

Van Daley of Bolivar, N. Y., was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday, while enroute home from Ormsby.

Mr. and Mrs. Anton Bloomberg and son of Evanston, Ill., are visiting relatives and friends in this vicinity.

William Mitchell and William Pine of Philadelphia are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Green.

The Misses Capitola and Ola Iddings have returned home from a 3 weeks' visit with relatives in Kushequa.

Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Allen and children, Robert and Margaret, of Franklin, Pa., are the guests of friends in town.

Hon. J. W. Bouton and G. W. Mitchell were Bradford visitors Saturday, making the trip in Mr. Mitchell's automobile.

ADDITIONAL PERSONALS on page 8

DON'T SAY

"Too early to buy a School Suit now." In less than a month when school will start you'll have to pay from $2.50 to $7.50 for the

SAME SUIT

that you can

Buy this Week

at, from

$1.50 TO $4 A SUIT

Isn't it worth while to save from $1.00 to $3.00 on a Suit?

MONHEIMER'S

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE

You Don't Need to See the Darning Basket for Six Months

Put your darning basket away in the closet—you won't need it for six months when you buy the first box of Holeproof Hosiery.

Darning is now almost a thing of the past. For with every box of "Holeproof" we give a written guarantee to replace any pair that needs darning in six months. Instead of taking out your darning basket you merely take out a coupon and get a new pair of hose free—isn't that simple?

The makers pay 63 cents a pound for the finest Egyptian and Sea Island Cotton. Common hose are often made from cotton at 12 cents a pound. Yet the common hose sell for the same price as "Holeproof."

"Holeproof" uses 3-ply in the body and 6-ply in the heels, toes and knees. Ordinary hose are made from 2-ply yarn throughout. You pay no more for "Holeproof" but it wears six times longer.

Come in and see this hosiery. Note the style and comfort—see how light and soft it is. Then, if you can, continue using the common hosiery.

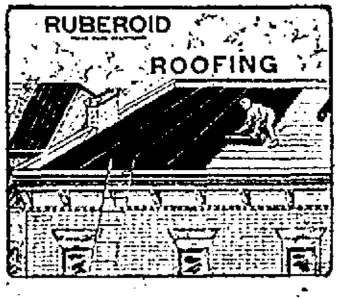
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

—For Sale By—

FRY & COMES

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR SPECHT & SASSE CREDIT CONTRACT

Table of Rates.

TOTAL COST OF CONTRACT	ANNUAL INSTALLMENT PAYMENTS	AGE	SURRENDER VALUE
$25 00	$2 50	10 to 20	$12 50
30 00	3 00	20 to 25	15 00
35 00	3 50	25 to 35	17 50
40 00	4 00	35 to 45	20 00
45 00	4 50	45 to 50	22 50
50 00	5 00	50 to 55	25 00
55 00	5 50	55	27 50
60 00	6 00	56	30 00
65 00	6 50	57	32 50
$50.00 CONTRACT			
$12 50	$1 25	1 to 10	$6 25

The Specht & Sasse Credit Contract is worth $100.00 to you after the first annual installment payment, and you have 10 years to pay for it.

We will give you the surrender value for your contract one year after the last payment.

Take for instance, a man 35 years old pays $3.50 per year for ten years, when the contract is fully paid up, and he receives his $100 benefit any time after the first payment is made.

Diposing of Sofie

A Syrian Girl's Strange Adventure In New York

By Emma Archer Osborne

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The Azoons were dumfounded when they learned, on landing in the metropolis from Syria, that they would be obliged to work for a living. The steamship company's agent had given them the impression before they sailed that America was longing for the opportunity to maintain them, that the streets from one end of the land to the other were wide open and that they would be welcome to help themselves unstintedly and without cost to the best the country had to offer.

When the first shock of the denouement had passed and conditions in the new world appeared very much as they were at home Father Azoon found employment in a big factory where they [illegible] antique oriental rugs, the little Azoons were bundled off to school and two cousins [illegible] very [illegible] cooking. Mother Azoon made kimonos for Josef Taban, the young merchant just around the corner on Washington street.

Still there remained one member of the [illegible] family—Sofie.

Sofie was seventeen, too old to go to school, too full of gay animal spirits to sit idle [illegible] long enough to amount to anything and altogether too pretty to be left to stroll around the Syrian quarters or anywhere else for that matter. [illegible] her father and [illegible].

[illegible] his way. [illegible]

[illegible] rived must be attended. So she hesitated about giving her answer to Josef.

Yet Hard authorities seemed not to visit the dirty, ill smelling, shambly part of the [illegible] where she lived.

Then one evening when Mrs. Sahadi, Sofie's aunt, came in and the disposition of Sofie was broached again she had a suggestion to make. She would take the girl out with her into the great city and break her into the peddling business. Mrs. Sahadi sold laces and kimonos and embroideries on the streets away uptown where the fine [illegible] were.

Josef was present, and he and Sofie's father exchanged knowing and foreboding looks. They objected strongly. The streets were no place for a girl like Sofie. But the woman prevailed. Mrs. Sahadi was as good at an argument as she was buxom and coarse in personality, and although she didn't [illegible] suggest [illegible] in the presence [illegible] she knew very well that the pretty face of the girl would prove a marvelous loadstone of attraction.

A month isn't a very long time in which one may acquire much knowledge concerning New York, and when on the next day—it was early in September—Sofie Azoon made her initial business trip with Mrs. Sahadi many of the ways of Gotham were still new to her. So far she had picked up a little English. She knew that the elevated trains and the subways got to the Battery near the Syrian quarters. She had a vague idea that a policeman was a punisher for all manner of evil, and she was aware that people were perfectly lovely to her, though why she couldn't understand. At any rate, they beamed pleasantly on her, sometimes looking twice, and she liked them for it. She frequently smiled back in her half shy, half frank, bewitching little way.

It was about 4 in the afternoon when Mrs. Sahadi and Sofie were drifting along Broadway in the shopping district. Sofie was very tired. She wasn't anywhere nearly as large nor as robust as her aunt, and her feet were little and tender. It was strange how much harder the sidewalks were uptown than they were down on Washington and Greenwich and Carlisle streets. Then, too, she was hungry and thirsty, and her face was hot.

"We will go home now, Sofie dear," said her aunt finally.

As Mrs. Sahadi was stooping and gathering her wares into her big basket an imposing automobile chugged swiftly up to the curb and a man sprang from the tonneau. Sofie started. The man was young and the very embodiment of her dreams.

He was tall and broad about the shoulders. His features were fair, clean cut and smooth shaven, his hair was light and rippling, and as his eyes glimpsed bravely into hers she saw that they were blue. He was elegantly and fashionably dressed, and she noticed he wore gloves.

For the brief space of a moment he stopped before her, and they stood motionless, not heeding the people who brushed past them with curious gaze. Sofie couldn't help looking at him, yet she had always been told she shouldn't stare at any one. His eyes smiled, and hers answered him in childish innocence.

"[illegible]," exclaimed Robert Mayhew [illegible] breath. "If here isn't [illegible] such a thing on earth! I believe she's the prettiest girl I ever saw in all my life." Just then Sofie's red lips parted, and her beauty was [illegible]. There was [illegible] the mind of Mayhew—she was undeniably the prettiest, she was marvelously lovely.

Suddenly Sofie felt frightened. She flushed furiously and bent her eyes [illegible] the still busy figure of her aunt. The satisfied look which illumined the man's face escaped the girl; her heart was thumping so that she dared not look up again.

"Be here tomorrow afternoon at 5, won't you, please?" said he in a low, fascinating voice. "Remember, Broadway and Eighteenth street!" Then he stepped briskly across the sidewalk and disappeared into a store. He had not waited for her answer. He knew his influence with women.

Sofie wanted to tell Mrs. Sahadi all about it, but the streets were so noisy and crowded as they trudged along to the elevated train that she couldn't talk intelligibly, and as soon as they were seated in the car Mrs. Sahadi dropped off into a doze and didn't wake up until they got to Rector street. So she silently dreamed and pictured the future, which for the most part was composed of herself arrayed in fine attire, enjoying the thousand and one [illegible] experiences which [illegible] women have and of gratifying her desires to an [illegible] extent. Two or three times she found herself holding her breath as in her mind's eye she contemplated all this—and he always beside her. Oh, how exquisite!

At [illegible] the next afternoon Sofie emerged from a side street on to Broadway near the appointed place. The automobile was waiting, and he was standing beside it. Mayhew's pulse thrilled when he saw her coming. She was all in white, even to shoes and hat, and she had [illegible] gloves—she remembered he wore gloves. To be sure, her [illegible] were cheap, but that didn't matter; she was so tremendously stunning. Around her neck she wore a string of coral beads, and there were little knobs of coral in her babyish ears.

She walked straight over to the machine as though she were going to her own [illegible] errand, and with [illegible] greeting Mayhew's [illegible] hands [illegible] the sides of her slim waist, and he half lifted her slight but prettily rounded little figure into the tonneau. Then he sprang in beside her, and they were away.

Sofie could scarcely believe she was awake and on earth. Her dream was coming true so suddenly that it seemed unreal. Here was she riding in an automobile, a thing she had never before done, with the man who only a very few hours ago seemed so remote. He was actually he, and he represented everything she had ever longed for, and of course they would marry. Josef Taban wasn't even as much as a memory.

They rode up the fine avenue and through the park. He talked to her nearly all the time, telling her about New York and a lot of things she couldn't comprehend. Then he tried to make her talk about herself, laughing the while at her charming blunders with the English language. When she wanted to say something and she couldn't she just rattled it out in her native tongue, and he laughed, reached over and took her hand, patted it gently and kept it, telling her to jabber away to him in any language at all—it didn't matter what, so long as she kept on looking as she did at the moment.

By and by they stopped at a place in another great big park and had supper. Sofie had never seen such a spread in all her life. He drank wine, a lot of it, but in spite of all he could say she didn't taste hers. Her father and mother had told her she must never drink wine before she was married, that it wasn't a nice thing to do.

Then they rode some more. It was dusk now, and the air away up in the outer parkways where they were was refreshingly cool and fragrant. Through the gloaming the lights along the way and of the adjacent city sparkled like golden glints, and every little while there appeared straight before them huge splashes which came whizzing and presently were past, flashing a vivid red in their wake. Sofie's hat was lying in her lap, and he was sitting very, very close to her.

Instinctively she thought of the horrible Azoon flat and the dear ones it contained, wishing with all the strength of her loyal little heart that they might enjoy such a ride. Well, she would see that they did after she married him.

All at once he slipped an arm around her quickly, masterfully, and drew her still closer to him. Feeling her little face in one of his hands and holding it, he looked into her eyes as though he were on the point of eating her up. There was a sinister glint about his expression which somehow or other alarmed her. In an instant she felt as though she had turned into some kind of a wild animal. She scowled at him savagely; she fought him furiously.

"How dare you!" she cried.

But he did dare. She was helpless in his strong grip, and he laughed at her and kissed her [illegible] her flashing eyes that went shut resentfully at the touch of his breath. He kissed her [illegible].

[illegible] worked free her right arm. [illegible] glittering [illegible] which descended swiftly [illegible] in Mayhew's shoulder. He cried out with the sting of pain, and the chauffeur stopped the car suddenly.

[illegible] flying steps. After awhile she came to where there were people, and a block or so away she saw the elevated cars whisk across the street. She hurried on and took a downtown train.

The knife had been slipped back into its hiding place, and when Sofie entered the car she was to all outward appearances as composed as any of the other passengers. Inwardly, however, she was terribly frightened. She didn't think she had killed him, and she wouldn't have cared much if she had, yet it was terrifying. She shuddered every time she imagined she felt his arms around her.

Mayhew, in the meantime, though not seriously stabbed, realized that he needed the services of a surgeon and a change of coat, and he also was on his way downtown.

When Sofie reached the Azoon flat the family was just finishing supper. They had waited a long time for her.

"Gracious!" said she, bursting into the room almost out of breath. "I'm awfully tired."

"You look it, child!" exclaimed her mother in alarm. "Where in the world have you been? We were scared half to death about you."

"Oh," replied Sofie, dropping dejectedly into a chair, "I went out for a street car ride, and I got into a—what do they call it?—a crush. Yes, an awful crush. That's what makes me late. I'm glad to get home," with a sigh which breathed volumes of calumny on American blond millionaires.

Josef came over after awhile, and by and by, when the little Azoons were abed and Father and Mother Azoon had wandered away somewhere, when Josef was standing by the window looking down into the street, Sofie went softly over to him and quite unexpectedly, yet very sweetly, nestled her beautiful head on his shoulder.

As Josef's arms went quickly, gladly around her he uttered a sound which was a half sob and a half prayer of thankfulness, for he knew what she meant.

SOFIE STARTED AS A MAN SPRANG FROM THE TONNEAU

A GLITTERING BLADE FLASHED IN THE AIR.

A Tin Peddler's Love Story

He Found a Man Who Didn't Understand a Woman

By JOSEPH B. HUGHES

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I was peddling tinware in the country, stopping at farmhouses to sell my goods to women. I was a successful tin peddler. The statement may seem superfluous to a story, but it is quite important in this one. Only one who understands the idiosyncrasies of women could sell them tin or any other kind of goods. Ergo, I, being a successful tin peddler, must understand women. But the main reason why I think I understand them is because I know I don't.

On one of my tours I struck a young bachelor farmer and concluded to stop all night at his house. He had no woman to do anything for him, and he cooked and took care of the house himself. I asked him if he didn't need a helpmeet.

"Stranger," he said, firing up at once, "do you mean to insinuate that I might better take a woman into these premises?"

"What is the objection?"

"The objection is that they're the most cantankerous, deceitful, grinnin', palaverin' critters in the universe. I wouldn't trust one on 'em within forty miles of me."

"Perhaps you've been crossed in love?"

"I dunno what you mean by bein' crossed in love, but if it's fooled in love I've been that twict."

I had finished my supper, and my host had put away the dishes, which meant that he put them without washing into a big closet. He told me that he washed dishes once a week by carrying them to his farm [illegible] the middle of the creek [illegible] the work [illegible] chair, which he [illegible] out a cob pipe. Since I had [illegible] before me with nothing to do, I encouraged him to talk.

"How have you been fooled in love?" I asked him.

"It was this away: I was born on this farm, and when I wasn't but sixteen a man bought the Owen farm about two minutes down the road. He had a little gal about two or three years younger than me. She was the slickest thing you ever seen, with a straight little figure, dresses not far below the knees and two pigtails behind tied up with ribbons. I never was a gal's boy and didn't care anything about her. When I met her on the road I used to go on the other side. Once when I passed her I noticed her lookin' sideways at me like a robin or a chipmunk. When she saw me lookin' at her she dropped her eyes on the road, and you'd a thought butter wouldn't melt in her mouth.

"One day when I was fishin' in the creek I heard some one just below windin' in a reel, and lookin' through the trees saw Mary Owen castin' a line. I jist fished on, payin' no attention to her. First thing I knew I heard a cry. I left my fishin' pole layin' on the bank and went to see what was the matter. There was Mary holdin' out her thumb with a hook in it. The barb had gone into the flesh so far that it must be cut out. I tuk out my knife, opened a sharp blade and by doin' some slicin' in the thumb took out the hook. I must 'a hurt pretty bad. She kep' up till the job was finished, then she fell into my arms with her head on my shoulder.

"I didn't think so then, but since I've been satisfied she just pertended to faint on purpose. That's the fust lesson in the deceitfulness o' wimmen kind I ever had. Even this little gal kid wasn't willin' to let a boy about her own age alone, he goin' his way and she hers.

"Wal, when she come to, or pertended to come to herself, she was lyin' in my arms lookin' up in my face. One faintin' wa'n't enough, so she had to faint agin. The reason for that was that my lips wa'n't more'n a couple o' inches from hern, and I reckon she fainted the second time so to give me a chance to kiss her.

"Wal, I done it like a fool, and it tasted so good I done it agin and agin. I reckon if I'd a kep' on she'd a stayed unconscious all summer. When she opened her eyes agin she pertended she didn't know I'd been kissin' her. I tied up her thumb with her handkerchief and told her to go home. But she didn't. She said she felt weak and sat on the grass with her back up agin a tree.

"We sat there till supper time. Then she went home, and I came back home too. That was the beginnin' o' it. The next day I went fishin' again. I didn't care for the fish. I wanted to taste the little gal's lips agin. She didn't care for the fish neither. She was fishin' for a boy about my size. We done a heap of fishin' after that till I found the kisses didn't taste so good as the first ones I took, and about that time we younkers organized a baseball team, and I didn't go fishin' so much as I had been doin'; consequently I didn't see so much of Mary Owen.

"Fact of it was that I wanted to see how much Mary would hanker after me when she didn't see me. And there's where I first learned about her cussedness. D'you know, stranger, she didn't miss me a bit?"

"No, I don't know," I replied.

"What do you mean?"

"How can I know anything about it? Go on with your story."

"When she met me on the road she said good mornin' and went by without another word. If she had missed me she'd a said, 'Why don't you go fishin' any more?' or somethin' like that. Instead she tuk up with a miserable galoot of a boy that went to the same school as her. He was knock kneed, slabsided, freckled, and his teeth was black as coals. It made me mad to see him a-carryin' her books fer her, she a-lookin' sideways at him. And the meanest part of it was her takin' particular pains to look pleasant at him just when I met 'em, to show me she didn't care nothin' about me and hadn't all along. If that wasn't consarnedness I don't know what consarnedness is."

"There wasn't anything consarned about you, was there?" I suggested.

"Not a bit. I was as innocent as a dove; got roped in just to be made a guy of. I was a stupid lunkhead then. Now I know better'n to trust one of the vipers. I tell you I know all about 'em now; can't any on 'em fool me."

"Didn't you fall into any other traps?"

"Yes, once," he replied haltingly.

"Tell me about that one."

"It was the same gal, Mary Owen. She went away to boardin' school, and when she came back she was kind a civilized, but she was purty. I tell you she was purty as a new painted mowin' machine. When she met me she talked about when we was boy and gal and our fishin' together, and all that, not sayin' anything about that slabsided boy she was leadin' on as she did me. She asked me to go with her to see the place where she got the fishhook into her finger. Like a fool I fell into the trap agin. I went with her to the bank of the creek, and we stood lookin' down on the water. There had been a turrable lot of rain, and the creek was high. Mary was laughin' and gigglin' as though she was mighty [illegible] about somethin'. She [illegible] right up to the edge of the bank. The current had washed it away underneath the place she was standin' on; it broke off, and down she went with a splash into the water.

"Of course I jumped in too, got her around me an' swum with her to a place below where the bank sloped and put her, drippin', on the grass. What did she do but just what she'd done when she rammed the fishhook into her hand so she could make me cut it out. She pertended to faint."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, I made a fool of myself just as I done before. I kissed her."

He looked very much ashamed at having been obliged to confess that this imp of darkness had entrapped him a second time.

"What happened then?" I asked.

"What happened then? Why, I talked no end of soft stuff to her, and she shed some crocodile tears and all that, and when we parted we was engaged to be married. But when I got home and got to thinkin' how many times I'd been fooled and I was gittin' deeper and deeper into the pit she was diggin' for me I jist sot down and swore. Then I went to see her again and told her that what I'd been talkin' to her was all rot.

"She jist looked at me kind o' curious for awhile, and then she up and confessed she'd been foolin' me all along."

The farmer paused, evidently having finished his story, the conclusion of which he seemed to consider bore him out in all his assumptions as to the wickedness of Mary Owen.

"How long ago did this last parting take place?" I asked.

"Oh, that was only three months ago."

"Mary hasn't married," I said, "and what's more, she won't marry unless she marries you. Please excuse me for telling you the truth, but though I've seen many big fools I never before saw so big a one as you."

"Why, stranger, what do you mean?"

"I mean that from the first the girl fancied you, and since you wouldn't show any interest in her she practiced a feminine plan to make you do so. Then you dropped her, expecting her to show how she took the slight as you thought she should show it. She wouldn't have been a real girl if she had. Since then she has been giving you chances to stop making a fool of yourself, which you have been too stupid to take advantage of. It's quite possible that you've made such a blunder of the whole thing that you'll never be able to straighten it out with her. You have probably committed the unpardonable."

By this time he was looking at me wildly out of his eyes, his color all gone from his face, apparently conscience stricken at what he had done. At the mention of the unpardonable sin he collapsed.

"Go right off and humble yourself before her for the jackanapes you are, and, ten to one, she will forgive you."

"Do you really mean it?"

"Yes, I do."

He left me alone in the house and went away to learn his fate. I went to bed and to sleep. At midnight he woke me up with a whoop and shouted into my ear:

"It's all right. I've fixed it up with her. We're goin' to be married right off."

"I'll give you a tin colander for a wedding present," I replied. "That's more than you deserve."

I made a visit to the couple after they were married. I never saw such a subservient husband in all my life. Not that his wife dominated him, at least not intentionally. His action during his long courtship seemed to have taken away all his self confidence and left him like a child. He never recovered it, remaining always a self constituted slave.

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Ansel Peever's Fortune

It Didn't Materialize Quite as He Expected

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Everybody in Little River declared that Lucy Mellen would be tired of waiting for Ansel Peever.

"Wait until I come back from California, dearest," Ansel had whispered. "Then I will have such a home and such acres of greenhouses that I will not be ashamed to ask you to give up your splendid home on the hill."

Of course Lucy's heart prompted her to tell him to remain with her. What cared she for the promised wealth of the golden west when the solid reality of Ansel's thrifty little flower business was ready and waiting for them both? But Ansel looked so downhearted and disappointed at her answer that Lucy availed herself of the feminine privilege and changed her mind.

"You'd better go, Ansel," she urged him. "I will wait for you if you should be gone a hundred years," she added recklessly.

So it was arranged as Ansel's pride prompted him, and Lucy stayed in her father's comfortable home on the hilltop and watched the black smoke from Ansel's train dissolve in the May sunshine even as her hopes and happiness dissolved in a burst of grief.

A hundred days went by, and Ansel's letters were full of homesickness and enthusiasm. A hundred weeks passed, and the letters contained less hopefulness and the same strain of longing for home. Lucy wrote and urged him to come home. "Let the old fortune go," she wrote hastily. "There is plenty to do in Little River, and Stephen Tuttle will be glad to sell the greenhouses back to you."

But Ansel was obstinate as well as proud, and he did not come home in answer to Lucy's appeal. A hundred months went by—eight long years and four months—and Lucy's Aunt Rebecca Prentice repeated the words she had dinned into her niece's pretty ears:

"He's never coming back again, Lucy. You might as well have married Leonard Deane or the minister and had a family growing up around you instead of wasting your life waiting for a man who has forgotten you."

"I don't believe Ansel has forgotten me, Aunt Rebecca," Lucy said patiently. "It has taken longer for him to make a fortune than he expected—that's all."

One April morning Lucy Mellen found herself quite alone in the world. Her parents had died shortly after Ansel went away, and now Aunt Rebecca had succumbed to pneumonia, and the big empty house on the hill seemed bigger and emptier than ever. At the end of a year Lucy had managed to almost beggar herself by several foolish investments, and there came a day when the red flag swung to the breeze above the Mellen place.

"What are you going to do now, Lucy Mellen?" demanded her next door neighbor, Mrs. Hall. "Here you've got all your furniture crated up as if you was going away, and you ain't said a word to nobody!"

"I'm going to California," said Lucy calmly, though her pale cheeks flushed. "Ansel has sent for me to come out there and be married. You see, he's so busy he can't get away just now."

"Well, of all things!" cried Mrs. Hall excitedly. "You don't mean that you, a single woman, are going away out there all alone to get married?"

"I'm thirty-five," said Lucy obstinately, "and Ansel's folks are out there, you know."

Mrs. Hall said no more, but twisted the shawl tighter around her thin face and fairly flew down the street to be the first one to transmit the startling news to Little River.

Lucy's friends were at the station to bid her goodby when she started on her long journey. Her household goods had gone on a week before, and when the last moment came there were many tears and good wishes and lots of rice and old shoes flying after her. Lucy looked strangely pale and silent for a bride to be, but she had been that way for so many years now that her friends quite forgot what a merry, light hearted girl she had been when Ansel first wooed her.

Then the train thundered away toward New York, and Lucy leaned her pale face against the window and closed her frightened eyes. She had never taken such a long journey, and she was quite unused to traveling, but that was not the worst of it. She had told a number of downright lies—Ansel Peever had not sent for her; he did not know she was coming out there, and she had not heard from him for two months.

It was this knowledge that made Lucy Mellen so miserable as her train flew westward. Every mile that brought her nearer to Ansel also made her heart beat faster until at last when she reached San Francisco and changed cars for the little town in Santa Barbara county she was almost sick with remorse and shame at her own daring.

At last it was time for her to get off. She saw her trunks dumped on the station platform at Redcliff, and then the train rolled away among the vineyards and orange groves, while she was left in the soft, balmy atmosphere of the land of flowers.

"Ansel Peever's place?" repeated the station agent. "It's three miles down the valley. I'll have Hawkes carry you there. It'll cost you four bits, ma'am."

"Four what?" repeated puzzled Lucy.

"Four bits—50 cents. I suppose you're from the east," smiled the man good naturedly, and Lucy said that she was, and she thanked him prettily for attending to her trunks.

Seated in the buckboard with her trunks lashed on behind, the two lean roan horses clattered over the road much faster than Lucy cared to have them.

The roans slowed down, and Hawkes pointed a whip around a curve of the road. "Peever's place is just around that bend," he said.

"Stop here, please!" panted Lucy, with sudden alarm. "Please wait here while I go on and speak to them."

Lucy fluttered away around the bend of the road, looking very pale and fragile in her gray traveling dress with a gray chiffon veil tied about her hat and framing her delicate face with its soft folds. Her heavy golden hair lay in rippling waves under the veil, and the occasional silver threads that time had woven were quite hidden from view. If Lucy's cheeks had been pink she would have looked very much like the Lucy of old.

The pink came fast enough when she found herself hesitating at a pretty rustic gate set in an evergreen hedge. Beyond was a small cottage set in the midst of flowers. Away to the west there stretched a thriving vineyard, and beyond to the south there was another cottage, newer and freshly painted, and all around this cottage as far as the eye could see were orange groves. Lucy could smell the odor of the waxen blossoms, and she could see the gold of the ripened fruit as she made her way up the path to Ansel's house.

Her first doubt of Ansel Peever came when she saw a woman on the porch eying her curiously. Around the woman's skirts there clung a little child. Lucy's heart almost stopped beating. Aunt Rebecca was right after all—Ansel was married, and this was his wife and child. No wonder he had never come for her! What would they think? What would Little River think?

All these things passed through her mind before she reached the porch. There she stopped and looked at the woman with appealing eyes.

"I am looking for Ansel Peever's house," she said.

"This is it, but my husband is away just at present. I expect him back in about an hour. Won't you come in and rest awhile?" The woman smiled pleasantly, but she was evidently curious about Lucy's unexpected appearance.

"I'll rest a little while," hesitated Lucy, "but I must go back presently. There's a carriage waiting for me around the bend."

Lucy sat down in a rocking chair and looked so white and wan that Mrs. Peever fetched a glass of ice cold milk and made her drink it. After awhile Lucy was able to sit up and smile back at the little laughing girl who clung to her knee.

"I cannot wait to see Ansel—Mr. Peever. Perhaps I will come again some time," said Lucy at last as she prepared to leave.

"You are from the east, I am sure," said the woman bluntly. "If you are one of Ansel's folks from Little River he'll be mighty disappointed if you don't stay or leave your name anyway."

"You may tell him that Lucy Mellen called to see him," said Lucy as she bent down to kiss the little girl. Then, with a murmured word of thanks to Mrs. Peever, she hurried down the walk.

Then Mrs. Peever found voice. "Lucy Mellen, Lucy Mellen! Come back here!" she called imperatively.

Lucy turned. "What do you want?" she asked.

"Wait a minute," called the other, and she came running down the path and laid a hand on Lucy's shrinking shoulder. "I thought you wanted to see my husband," she panted, "but it's young Ansel you're looking for, I guess. Won't he be surprised to see you, though!" She laughed merrily.

"Young Ansel!" repeated Lucy dazedly.

"My husband's nephew. They're both named Ansel Peever. I'm Mr. Peever's second wife and sort of step-aunt to your Ansel. That's his house next door all ready for you—just finished—and Ansel inside there rigging himself up to go east after you this very minute. I'll run over and fetch him. You wait here, Lucy."

Mrs. Peever ran fleetly across the lawn, while Lucy sank weakly down on a garden seat. Happy tears filled her tired eyes, and the little girl, who was not Ansel's after all, came and heaped roses in her lap.

Then Ansel himself stood before her, thinner, browner, older, but the same Ansel save that the youthful pride and arrogance had been hammered out of him by the foundry of experience.

"Lucy—Lucy!" said Ansel brokenly. "I was getting ready to come after you. I haven't made a fortune and I never will have one, but I've got a cottage and an orange grove, and now I've got you. I didn't realize in leaving you, dear, that I was leaving my fortune behind me. I was ashamed to go back to Little River until I had done something big. Then I heard from somebody that you'd lost everything through some rascality, and so I made up my mind to go after you. Can you forgive me, Lucy, dear?"

Of course Lucy forgave him, and they were married the very next day in the new cottage, and they went to Little River on their honeymoon.

PLANT CULTURE.

Don't Do the Watering Act In the Evening Just Before Dark.

The following article was prepared by representatives of the national council of horticulture to stimulate interest in gardening:

While plants can stand great extremes in temperature, corresponding extremes in moisture surely will tend to ruin if not to kill the strongest of them. Water should be given only when needed, then in such quantity that the soil is soaked. Soft stemmed plants, especially those with large leaves, need much more water than hard wooded, slow growing varieties, and, while the former kind easily recover from drought, the latter usually suffer permanent injury from extremes.

Heavy clayey soils sour easily, while light loamy soils dry out quickly, and unless carefully watched the plants in such soil soon will wilt. In either case it is better to water thoroughly and only when needed than to water sparingly and often.

The season and time of day should be considered in watering. Plants not in active growth should be watered sparingly until they have regained their foliage. Watering in the evening, just before dark, will greatly aid the growth of fungous diseases, as the foliage will continue wet through the night. It also causes "damping off" of young cuttings and plants. Never water during heavy, cloudy weather.

PHYSICAL STRAINS.

Men Over Forty-five Should Take No Excessive Exercise.

The physical decay of men over forty must be more frequently mentioned lest we forget the fact that our physique was evolved for only thirty-five or forty years of strenuous use, says American Medicine. It was not so long ago that forty-five was extreme old age—counting time in the large way of evolution. Lengthening of life has been possible only because civilization has let up the physical strains, so if we continue them we must expect to break as of old.

Athletes stop their efforts merely because they are beaten by younger men, but the nonathletic seem to think that it is necessary to keep up excessive exercise, though the tissues simply cannot stand it. There is, then, no mystery in the large number of damaged hearts now being found, and they will continue to increase in number and severity until the medical profession succeeds in impressing the lesson.

Let us repeat it over and over again until every man over forty or forty-five realizes that he has lived his allotted time of physical vigor and must ease up the strains to retain his health. There is no reason except abuse why so many men break at fifty-five or sixty. They should be healthy until seventy or seventy-five, and it is our duty to show how.

Musical Sounds and Noise.

It is a curious fact that musical sounds fly farther and are heard at a greater distance than those which are more loud and noisy. If we go on the outside of a town during a fair at the distance of a mile we hear the musical instruments, but the din of the multitude, which is so overpowering in the place, can scarcely be heard, the noise dying on the spot. To those who are conversant with the power of musical instruments the following observations will be understood: The violins made at Cremona about the year 1600 are superior in tone to any of a later date, age seeming to dispossess them of their noisy qualities and leaving nothing but the pure tone. If a modern violin is played by the side of one of those instruments it will appear much the louder of the two, but on receding a hundred paces when compared with the Cremona it will scarcely be heard.—London Globe.

The Nebular Hypothesis.

The nebular hypothesis is the name generally given to the theory put forth by the celebrated Laplace in "Systeme du Monde" in the year 1796. His idea was that the solar system was evolved mechanically from a vast diffused revolving nebula, and that nebulae were the early stages in the formation of planets and their satellites by cooling, condensation and contraction, according to certain laws of mathematics. This theory was accepted by Sir William Herschel and, though at first bitterly opposed in many quarters, is now generally accepted by astronomers and scholars and is taught in most schools and colleges.—New York American.

Two Machines.

"Bubbles has bought two new machines—one for himself and one for his wife."

"That's generous."

"Well, you see, her machine keeps his going."

"How's that?"

"Hers is a sewing machine."—Baltimore American.

Mother's Diagnosis.

"Have you spoken of our love to your mother yet?"

"Not yet," murmured the dear girl. "Mother has noticed that I've been acting queer of late, but she thinks it's biliousness."—Pittsburg Post.

Not the Same.

Solicitor (cross examining)—Now, didn't you tell the prisoner that you doubted his veracity? Witness—No, I merely told 'im 'e was a bloomin' liar.—London M. A. P.

Each day is a stone in the great temple of life. Aim to hew the stone so that it will be four square to every wind that blows.

NAPOLEON CARICATURES.

The First Was Drawn by a Fellow Student at Brienne.

Napoleon in caricature is one of the most prolific of subjects. Indeed, European political caricature from 1798 until 1815 may be said to have been Napoleon. Although in France this form of pictorial art was rigidly suppressed, Gilray and Rowlandson in England and a score of artists in Germany and Austria were depicting the great emperor as the most infamous of monsters.

The first known caricature of Bonaparte was drawn years before the first consulate, when the Bourbons still sat upon the throne of France. It is reproduced in Norwood Young's "The Growth of Napoleon." Young Bonaparte's years at the military academy at Brienne were not happy ones. He was a Corsican, and at that time Corsica was a recently conquered province.

The cartoon, which was drawn by a schoolmate, represents the future emperor standing, a severe and determined look upon his face, with both hands on the top of a musket, resting the butt on the ground. A smaller figure behind him, an old man whose nose nearly reaches his chin, is pulling him back by his wig.

Napoleon's feet face in two directions—one forward, the other backward. Underneath is written, "Bonaparte rushes to the aid of Paoli to rescue him from the hand of his enemies." These words have been struck through with a pen, which has also been drawn across the face of Napoleon.

THE PERSIANS.

Not Ruled by Caste, but Are Great Sticklers For Etiquette.

The pleasures of the Persians are in the main refined. They have not many kinds of recreation. Conversation is one of their chief enjoyments. Although a large proportion of them can neither read nor write, I think we must call them an intellectual people.

They are natural linguists, and since their country is inhabited by many different races they are obliged to speak several different languages. It is not uncommon to find a man who scarcely knows his right hand from his left who can speak two or three languages fluently. To this number a man of any education whatever would add two or three more.

There is no caste among any of the races found in Persia. A son of Nasir-i-Din Shah's butler became his prime minister; a peasant girl once became the first favorite of this same king's anderun because she lifted her veil as the king was passing through her native village and her beauty appealed to the royal fancy.

But while there is no caste the Persians are in some ways great sticklers for etiquette. The Zil-i Sultan, the oldest and most capable son of Nasir-i-Din, could not succeed his father on the throne because his mother was not of royal birth. All social functions, moreover, are attended with the most rigid ceremonies, and woe to the person who attempts to overstep the bounds which custom has prescribed for his rank.—Mary A. Colquhoun in Los Angeles Times.

The Message In the Box.

On a table in the waiting room of a specialist is an inlaid box. When one opens it—and most visitors to the specialist do—a smaller box is found and one not so large inside that. This continues until finally the last is reached, a tiny thing with a slip of paper inside it. On the paper is a single word, "Curiosity."

"I keep it there to amuse waiting patients," explained the specialist. "If there was only one who went through the scale of boxes he might feel sore about it, but he or she leaves the box closed for the next comer, and when there are quite a few in the waiting room it gets to be a pretty good joke, and I can hear laughter as the latest arrival gets stung. I picked the box up on a trip to India and happened to leave it in the waiting room one day. Now it stays there all the time."—New York Sun.

Peg Tankards.

The pegging or marking of drinking cups was introduced by St. Dunstan to check the intemperate habits of the times by preventing one man from taking a larger draft than his companions. But the device proved the means of increasing the evil it was intended to remedy, for, refining upon St. Dunstan's plan, the most abstemious were required to drink precisely to a peg or pin, whether they could soberly take such a quantity of liquor or not.

Different Positions.

"What does the man do over there at the desk who seems to be working so hard?"

"He checks the cash."

"And what does the man do who is leaning back in the easy chair smoking?"

"Oh, he cashes the checks."—Baltimore American.

An Exception.

"Happiness," declaimed the philosopher, "is the pursuit of something, not the catching of it."

"Have you ever," interrupted the plain citizen, "chased the last car on a rainy night?"—Toledo Blade.

Sensitiveness.

The smallest bird cannot light upon the greatest tree without sending a shock to its most distant fiber. Every mind is at times no less sensitive to the most trifling words.—Lew Wallace in "Ben-Hur."

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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 3?? meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

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This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

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This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

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T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

C. J. Vanblad
Practical Horseshoer.
We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of
HORSESHOEING
and
BLACKSMITHING
in a satisfactory manner.

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ADDITIONAL PERSONALS.

Dr. and Mrs. J. V. McAlpin left Monday for Cleveland, Ohio, where the National Dental convention is now being held.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Abbey of East Smethport were guests of their daughter, Mrs. A. M. Thamm, of Bradford over Sunday.

Mrs. Anthony S. Jermann of Buffalo, N. Y., is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Campbell on Mechanic street.

Mrs. Alfred Powell who has been visiting at the home of her father, Henry J. Hever, for some time, has returned to her home in Clarksburg, W. Va.

Miss Mabel Shattuck, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Harry L. Backus, for the past two weeks, returned to her home in Linesville yesterday.

Fred Brennan of Kane has been in town this week, renewing old acquaintances and incidentally looking over the county treasurership political situation.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wells left Tuesday for Buffalo for a few days' visit.

N. C. Gallup of Norwich township was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. George Denning and children, Rita and Gerald, are expected to arrive home to-morrow evening, after a three months' visit with relatives and friends in the West.

Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Redfield, Mrs. W. L. Hammer and Chauffer Leo Bigel drove to Buffalo last Friday and met Mr. Hamlin who has been in New York on business for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph E. Burdick returned Sunday from Waverly, N. Y. They were accompanied to Waverly by Mrs. Burdick's mother, Mrs. Munn, and son, Hamlin Burdick, who will visit there for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mitchell and Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Gifford were in town Tuesday and Wednesday. They were on their way home to Erie, Pa., after a touring trip through the New England states in the former's car.

Mrs. Jack Lavery and daughter, Ruth, of Youngstown, Ohio, Mrs. Edward McDade and son, Frank, of Kane and Mrs. Mary Hussey of DuBois automobiled over from Kane and spend Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Gorman.

Hon. J. W. Bouton, H. H. Redfield, E. E. Heath, J. I. Morrison, S. F. Redfield, Orlo J. Hamlin, Guy McCoy, D. M. Reasted, Harry Rubin, Leo Dale, Hon. R. W. Hilton, Dr. E. H. French, Fred Brennan and Jud Sheldon were among those who motored to Bradford yesterday.

Modern Woodmen of America.

A special meeting at which business of importance will be transacted, will be held Thursday, Aug. 3, 1911. All come.

It P. S. CURRAN, V. C.

Excursion to Olean, Riverhurst and Rock City Park, Sunday, July 30, 1911, via Shawmut Line.

Sunday, July 30th, the P., S. & N. R. R. offer special service and rates to Olean, Riverhurst and Rock City Parks from St. Marys and intermediate points, except stations on the Hazelhurst branch. Train leaves Smethport 10:27 a. m., returning leaves Olean 7:00 p. m. Fare for round trip to Olean $1.00, to Riverhurst, $1.05 and to Rock City $1.30.

The St. Marys Silver Cornet Band has been engaged to accompany excursion and will give a concert at Rock City Park in the afternoon. For full particulars see small bills, or apply to P., S. & N. agents, or address

JOS. T. ODELL,

Jul 27-2t Gen. Pas. Agent

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

She Knew Him.

Husband (excitedly)—My dear, this ladies' tailor you employed says in this note if I did not settle your bill he will bring suit promptly. Wife (carelessly)—Don't worry, dear; that man makes you wait weeks. He never did bring suits promptly. — Baltimore American.

The Recompense.

"Men are so hideously lacking in self control," a young girl once said to her mother.

"Well, don't find fault with that," the mother answered. "If they weren't most girls would die old maids."

Friendship

In the hour of distress and misery the eye of every mortal turns to friendship. In the hour of gladness and conviviality what is your want? It is friendship.

Protecting Its Appearance.

"What are those hideous cards pasted all over that wall?"

"They're 'Post No Bills' signs."—New York Telegraph.

A great man is made up of qualities that make or meet great occasions.—Lowell.

Cities and Race Vitality.

The Napoleon wars so drained the flower of French manhood that even today the physical stature of the average Frenchman is nearly half an inch below what it was at the beginning of Napoleon's reign.

The country in America today is constantly paying a similar tribute to the city in the sacrifice of its best blood, its best brain, the finest physical and mental fiber in the world. This great stream of superb country manhood which is ever flowing cityward is rapidly deteriorated by the softening, emasculating influences of the city until the superior virility, stamina and sturdy qualities entirely disappear in two or three generations of city life. Our city civilization is always in a process of decay and would in a few generations become emasculated and effeminate were it not for the pure crystal stream of country youth flowing steadily into and purifying the muddy, devitalized stream of city life. It would soon become so foul and degenerate as to threaten the physical and moral health of the dwellers.—Success Magazine.

Morse and the Telegraph Operator.

Immediately after the successful completion of the first transatlantic cable and the consequent celebrations, in which, of course, Cyrus W. Field bore a prominent part, Professor Morse had occasion to send a telegram from a small town in Ohio to his home in New York. He wrote out his message and presented it to the operator, who rapidly checked it off with his pencil and curtly demanded a dollar.

"But," said the venerable inventor, "I never pay for messages," and, seeing an inquiring look in the operator's eyes, added, "I am, in fact, the father of the telegraph."

"Then," said the operator, firmly convinced that he was being imposed upon, "why don't you sign your own name, Cyrus W. Field?"

Professor Morse when telling the story used to say that he was too humiliated to answer.

Armchair Etiquette.

The question of an armchair was once a matter of high state in the fortunes of Prussia. This was in the year 1690, when the Elector Frederick on visiting at The Hague that Prince of Orange whom his father and he had been instrumental in raising to the dignity of king as William III. of England was informed that during the interview the king would be seated on an armchair of state, while he (the elector) would be accommodated with an ordinary settle or stool. In great dudgeon (as Mr. Brayley Hodgetts recalls in "The House of Hohenzollern") the elector rejoined that if he was not worthy of an armchair his troops had at least been thought good enough to assist the Prince of Orange to mount the royal throne of England. Finally a compromise was effected, and the two sovereigns conversed with one another standing.

The Same Custom.

A magazine editor at the Authors' club, in New York, was talking about H. G. Wells. "Wells is now the foremost English novelist," he said. "Strange that a man so talented should misjudge us as he does. When he was over here he found fault with everything. One day at lunch, getting tired of his attacks on the tyranny of our trusts and our bosses, I said: 'Well, at least, Mr. Wells, you must admit the grandeur of the magnificent statue of Liberty that rears its proud head over our harbor?'

"'Oh, yes,' said Mr. Wells, 'you have the same custom as we—you rear your finest statues to the dead.'"

An Essay on Woman.

A woman is sometimes fugitive, irrational, indeterminable, illogical and contradictory. A good deal of forbearance ought to be shown her and a good deal of prudence exercised with regard to her, for she may bring about innumerable evils without knowing it. Capable of all kinds of devotion and of all kinds of treason, "monster incomprehensible," raised to the second power, she is at once the delight and the terror of man.—Amiel.

A Novel Revenge.

Cook—Yes; my mistress is a prima donna and a horrible creature. She treats me like the dirt beneath her feet, but I revenge myself by opening the drawing room window when she is not at home and by howling with all my might so that the neighbors may think her voice is cracked.—Fliegende Blatter.

A Trade Secret.

"What did your firm dismiss Grigg for?" asked the first traveler.

"He gave away a trade secret," replied the other.

"You don't say so?"

"Yes. He told a customer that our chief was an old scoundrel, and the chief overheard him."

All In.

Friend—I was just in the art gallery admiring your "Napoleon After Waterloo." The fidelity of expression on Bonaparte's face is positively wonderful. Where did you get it? Mr. Dobber—From life. I got my wife to pose for me the morning after she gave her first reception.—Puck.

Greatness.

Greatness lies not in being strong, but in the right use of strength, and strength is not used rightly when it serves only to carry a man above his fellows for his solitary glory.

Power when employed to relieve the oppressed and to punish the oppressor becomes a great blessing.—Swift.

PERFUMED FRUIT.

Five Fingered Oranges Smell Sweet, but Are Not Good to Eat.

A most weird looking fruit is the five fingered orange. It grows in exactly the shape of a half open hand. Even the nails are identical, hard pointed and claw-like, the orange flowers with a length equal, in some cases, to three inches.

It is no freak, but a proper kind of orange, belonging to a special variety. The tree itself is a meager little shrub that does not average more than five or six feet in height in its native home, Japan. It does not grow straight, as the ordinary orange tree should, but is curved in all directions.

Even the branches grow in spiral or twisted forms, so that the width of the tree is often greater than the height. The fruit itself is of a pale yellow color, of a pure lemon hue, growing greenish toward the stem. The size is immense, considering the smallness of the tree, the largest ones measuring when mature fully ten inches from the wrist to the point of the middle finger, including the nail.

But the fruit is not good to eat, though what it lacks in flavor it more than makes good in perfume. Perhaps the strangest thing about this perfume is that it is the fruit and not the flower that is odorous.—Pearson's Weekly.

THE SHORTEST SPEECH.

It Was Delivered by Caesar and Consisted of a Single Word.

Julius Caesar holds the record for brevity of convincing speech.

The story is told that while Caesar was in the midst of his struggle for the mastery of the Roman empire the soldiers of his favorite Tenth legion mutinied. He appeared before them, and, uttering the one word "Quirites," paused.

That word means, of course, "citizens," but to the veterans to whom it was addressed it meant a great deal more. It was the special term used in addressing Roman voters assembled in a purely civic capacity, not as soldiers, but as civilians.

To the mutinous soldiers it meant that the great commander, whom they had followed for ten long years from the Alps to the Thames and from the Rhine to the Pyrenees and across the Rubicon, disowned them as soldiers and dismissed them from his victorious service.

Realizing its meaning, the story goes, the mutineers were appalled. Battle scarred veterans burst into tears, implored their leader to pardon them and inflicted summary punishment upon the inciters of the mutiny as a proof of their repentance.

The Term Philosopher.

The word "philosopher" is said to have originated with the celebrated Pythagoras, who was born about 570 B. C. The word means a lover of wisdom. Pythagoras must have been a very remarkable man, for it is certain that he made a profound and lasting impression upon his time. He was the originator of the idea that nature is a harmony and that its varied phenomena are all brought about by unerring and universal laws and are an expression of nothing less than the universe itself. True to the name he gave himself, Pythagoras is said to have devoted his whole life to the acquisition of knowledge to the end that he might impart it to others without money—and without price. He was one of the noble influences of antiquity, and the effects of his unselfish labors are still visible among men.—Exchange.

A Quaint Introduction.

Clarence King, the ethnologist, once wrote from San Francisco to John Hay the following letter of introduction: "My Dear John—My friend, Horace F. Cutter, in the next geological period will go east. It would be a catastrophe if he did not know you. You will 'swarm in,' as the Germans say, when you meet. Lest I should not be there to expose Mr. Cutter's alias I take this opportunity to divulge to you that the police are divided in opinion as to whether he is Socrates or Don Quixote. I know better; he is both."

The Macgregors.

The Macgregors were forbidden to use their family name in 1603. The proscription was removed by Charles II., only to be inflicted again in the reign of William and Mary. It was not till 1822 that a royal license to use the name was granted to Sir Charles Macgregor, up to then known as "Murray." In the early years of the seventeenth century every man's hand was raised against this persecuted race and they could be mutilated and slain with impunity.—London Spectator.

A Turkish Riddle.

Here is an old Turkish riddle which has been handed down for many centuries and yet has never been answered: "There was once a beggar who always dreamed he was a pasha, and there was a pasha who always dreamed he was a beggar. Which was the happier?"

All Have Troubles.

"Everybody worries about money."

"Oh, I don't know. Some men are so rich"—

"That's just it. Poor men worry because they can't get money, and the rich man worries for fear that it will get away from him."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Various Ships.

Ostend—Pa, what kind of ships are courtships? Pa—Soft ships, my son. Ostend—And what kind of ships sail the sea of matrimony? Pa—Hard ships, my son.—London Tit-Bits.

A Bird's Barbed Wire Fence.

There may be seen along the roadsides in Central America a brown wren about the size of a canary which builds a nest out of all proportion to its apparent needs. It selects a small tree with horizontal branches growing close together. Across two of the branches it lays sticks fastened together with tough fiber until a platform about six feet long by two feet wide has been constructed. On the end of this platform nearest the tree trunk it then builds a huge dome shaped nest a foot or so high with thick sides of interwoven thorns. A covered passageway is then made from the nest to the end of the platform in as crooked a manner as possible. Across the outer end as well as at short intervals along the inside of this tunnel are placed cunning little fences of thorns with just space enough for the owners to pass through. On going out this opening is closed by the owner by placing thorns across the gateway, and thus the safety of the eggs or young is assured.

A Detective Story.

I like detective stories; I read them. I write them; but I do not believe them. The bones and structure of a good detective story are so old and well known that it may seem banal to state them even in outline. A policeman, stupid, but sweet tempered, and always weakly erring on the side of mercy, walks along the street, and in the course of his ordinary business finds a man in Bulgarian uniform killed with an Australian boomerang in a Brompton milk shop. Having set free all the most suspicious persons in the story, he then appeals to the bull dog professional detective, who appeals to the hawklike amateur detective. The latter finds near the corpse a boot lace, a button boot, a French newspaper and a return ticket from the Hebrides, and so relentlessly; link by link, brings the crime home to the archbishop of Canterbury.—T. K. Chesterton in Illustrated London News.

A Hand at Whist.

"That was a remarkable hand you held just now," said the commercial traveler to his companion at cards.

"Pretty fair, pretty fair. But I've held a more wonderful hand than that."

"Really?"

"Yes. Once I was playing whist and dealt myself a hand of thirteen trumps."

"Great Scott!"

"And the funniest part of the matter is that I only took one trick."

"Impossible!"

"No, it's not. I played last and trumped my partner's ace. He was a hasty man, and before I could explain matters he lost his temper, and the game broke up in a row there and then. Funny game whist, isn't it? My deal, I think."

Diversions of Earlier Georgia.

Micajah Williamson kept a licensed tavern in the town of Washington. In front of this tavern was a large picture of George Washington hanging as a swinging sign. John Clarke (governor 1819-23) used to come to town and, like most men of his day, get drunk. They all did not "cut up," however, as he did on such occasions. He went into stores and smashed things generally, as tradition says, but he always came back and paid for them like a gentleman. Once he came into town intoxicated and galloped down Court street and fired through the picture of General Washington before the tavern door. This was brought up against him later when he was a candidate for governor, but his friends denied it.—Macon Telegraph.

Looking For Them.

Major d'Arlandes, like many another French soldier, was tired of waiting for promotion and opportunities to distinguish himself. He seized an opportunity to enjoy a little excitement and at the same time remind Louis XVI of his baffled ambitions. He made a balloon ascension, which at that time was thought to be a very risky affair. The king promptly reproved him for his rashness.

"Your majesty will pardon me, I hope," said the officer, "but the fact is the minister of war has made me so many promises in the air that I went up to look for some of them."

Her Triumph.

"Maria," Mr. Dorkins said, with a note of exultation in his voice, "I turned a trade today that netted me a clean $2,000."

"H'mph," ejaculated his spouse in her loftiest you make me tired manner. "I went out today to hunt up a first class cook, and I got her, John—I got her!"—Chicago Tribune.

Got His Fill.

"Did you like the party, Rufus?"

"Yes, mother."

"Then why didn't you stay till it was over?"

"What was the use? I couldn't eat any more."

No Exception.

Miss Young—In Turkey a woman doesn't know her husband till after she's married him. Mrs. Wedd—Why mention Turkey especially?—Boston Transcript.

The Greater Blessing.

Jawkins—Ah, my boy, it's a fine thing to have a friend whom you can trust. Pawkins—It's a jolly sight better to have one who will trust you, old man.

Strenuous.

"He used to be a straight enough young chap. What made him get crooked?" "Trying to make both ends meet, I believe."—Exchange.

After Midnight.

Wife—I'm sorry to see you come home in such a state as this, Charles. Husband—I knew you'd be sorry, Carrie, and that's why I told you not to sit up.

German Pedigree Book.

There is in Germany what is known as the "German Pedigree Book," or "Deutsches Geschlechterbuch." The purpose of the pedigree book, according to a Berlin correspondent, is to record the ancestry not of nobles, but of bourgeois persons who can prove that they are of genuine middle class or working class ancestry and have no noble blood in their veins. The editor explains in his preface that, while many German nobles "out of court and material considerations have not kept their blood pure, there are many good business class families which have managed to do so." By thus encouraging the proper pride of such families the pedigree book is doing much to eradicate the traditional envy of the nobles.

It Depends on the Dog.

Two Broadway business men met before a bar. They were good friends.

"I'm worried a little," said one. "My chauffeur ran over a dog today and killed it."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about a little thing like that," said the other. "The dog probably got in the way. These dogs are a pest."

"But it was your dog."

"What!" came from the second. "My dog? I'm sorry, but that will cost you $100. That chauffeur of yours is too careless. I insist on the hundred, understand."—New York Telegraph.

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